ISSUE 48 PAGES

OCTOBER 1, 1935 10c

# New Masses

# ART ISSUE

## Drawings, Paintings, Lithographs by 29 Leading American Artists

## How Good Is Hearst Stock?

By BRUCE MINTON

## Marching! Marching!

*the New Masses Prize Novel*

By CLARA WEATHERWAX

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# FATHERLAND

## by KARL BILLINGER

*With a Foreword by*

LINCOLN STEFFENS

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AB

New Masses

OCTOBER 1, 1935

## *Revolutionary Art*

IN DEVOTING this quarterly issue to paintings and prints, THE NEW MASSES does not pretend to exhibit the whole range of American revolutionary art. The committee of artists which assembled our art section was limited in choice by the nature of the works submitted. From some able revolutionary artists nothing was received; from others came works revolutionary in content, but without much artistic energy. The reproductions therefore give only a partial view of the character of the art of American revolutionary painters and of artists who are concerned sympathetically with the same materials, but who are not revolutionary in standpoint. The general level of the work is artistically as high as the best in American painting today, and it is, besides, much more varied, alive and promising, and has already exerted a strong influence on the youngest generation of painters. THE NEW MASSES wishes to thank the hundred or more artists who submitted works for this issue, and particularly those artists who served on the editorial committee. The committee consisted of Stephen Alexander, Jacob Burck, Stuart Davis, William Gropper, Eitaro Ishigaki, Russell Limbach, Anton Refregier, William Siegel.

"SOMEDAY I'LL MAKE MY MASTERPIECE—AN EVICTION IN PASTELS"

## *400,000 Miners Strike*

A STRIKE that has been threatening since April materialized Monday when more than 400,000 miners walked out and closed down every bituminous coal-mining area in the country. Mines manned by company unions as well as those under control of the United Mine Workers are affected. After a series of negotiations that occupied the entire weekend, differences between the operators and the miners were narrowed down to less than two cents a ton for piece workers. That the miners were willing to strike because of this seemingly small difference is due to the fact that all of the compromises have been made by them thus far. The original demands of the miners as announced last February led for a thirty-hour week and a minimum wage scale of six dollars per Union leaders are now willing to accept an increase of only nine cents a ton, which in most instances would net the individual miner a gain of about twenty-seven cents a day. At present the miners are working under a wage scale negotiated in April, 1934. Meanwhile successive price increases have raised the cost of living far above the 1934 figure, in some cases as much as 20 percent. Miners found themselves working for less than a subsistence wage and the response to the strike call is proof that they are prepared to wage a determined struggle.

DESPITE the long drawn-out dispute the strike caught the operators unaware; banking on the fact that it had been postponed five times they hoped that there would be another delay. Prior postponements w pending the passage of the ( Bill, the industry's "little widely advertised as a cure soft-coal ills. Passage of tl not settle the problem. The are dissatisfied with the final the law, and suits are now p test its constitutionality. It is mitted that the Coal Board s der the act is powerless in th situation and that the law regulate hours and working The failure of the Guffey B the miracles claimed for i dent John L. Lewis of the U Workers has thrown the m their organized strengt retary of Labor Edw as usual, been tryi

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promise. "In the name of Almighty God," he prayed before the operators, "don't let this strike take place over the differences of a few cents. The public will not understand it." What the effect will be on the hungry coal miners was no concern of his. He pleaded for haste in the settlement so that he may leave "by airplane tomorrow for the Louis-Baer fight." Now that the strike is on and has won such wide support militant mine leaders are urging the men to press their advantage and to bring forward their original demands.

### *Still Jockeying*

LAST week, the committee of five nations at Geneva handed its recommendations for "settling" the Ethiopian dispute to the Italian government. The report granted Italy huge territorial concessions and amounted to a partition of the African State—while "technically" preserving the sovereignty of that country. But Mussolini was dissatisfied: with hundreds of thousands of troops ready to invade Ethiopia he could not very well withdraw them without suffering severe loss of prestige. Italian propaganda has been posited the "all-or-nothing" theory—com- annexation of Ethiopia. Any compromise" that did not accomplish would be unsatisfactory to , desperately in need of new exploit. Besides, the pres- British fleet in the Medi- would make it seem as solini had been intimidated low of power. But what for nt looked like an impasse was "diplomacy": Mussolini re- erms but did so in a manner sted the possibility of drag- tiations along for a good England hastened to send ador to Mussolini to intimate and was only anxious concern- vn safety and not over the in- f Ethiopia. Italy responded rances that the invasion would ple on British toes, and de- from the League even greater ns than had been granted: tory; a link connecting Ital- land and Eritrea with Addis be used to construct a rail- consisting of a band of terri- to sixty miles deep on each e track to be occupied by forces); the Ethiopian r Italian domination; opia is to have an outlet to the sea, it must be through an Italian port.

SUCH demands amount to an Italian mandate over Ethiopia; the smaller nation ceases to exist and becomes an Italian colony. Even were the League to grant these demands, Mussolini could not exercise his newly-won "rights" without resorting to force of arms. It seems certain that Ethiopia will not agree to terms which mean complete loss of independence. England has already shown signs of backing down on its former opposition to the aggression of a large League member against a smaller—a desire to retain the status quo and to avoid colonial troubles in its own empire. France is definitely afraid of sanctions which might upset the tenuous balance of power in Europe and precipitate an immediate world war: the imperialist powers wish to avoid that conflict at the present time. The League faces two courses of action: either to relinquish any gesture preventing Italian aggression and openly hand Ethiopia over to Italy or to plunge the world into war for the redivision of imperialist spoils. Only the Soviet Union stands by the strict adherence of the Covenant of the League—the exercise of sanctions *not* for imperialist gains but to prevent the seizure of a small colonial country by a great imperialist power. England and France, on the other hand, are willing enough to sacrifice Ethiopia if they can be sure that their own interests are in no way endangered. The dilemma that they now face is to try to determine which course will bring them the greater profit in the long run.

### *Mooney Fights On*

LAST year the United States Supreme Court refused to grant a writ of habeas corpus to Tom Mooney, America's most famous class-war prisoner. The Court decided that before the federal judiciary could interfere, Mooney must exhaust all basis of action in the California courts. No longer able to refuse Mooney a hearing, the state courts had him transferred from San Quentin to the county jail in San Francisco; his case is once more opened for review. The hearings are marked by the determined efforts of both the judge and the prosecuting attorneys to put every legal obstacle in Mooney's path. The state has refused to allow Billings, co-defendant with Mooney in 1916, to attend the hearing; Billings threatens to refuse to testify by deposition from Folsom Prison and may even seek to stop proceedings by an injunction unless he be allowed to attend the hearing and so protect his interests. But it is obvious that Mooney can expect anything but justice in the present proceedings. The hearing is a formality which must be gone through before the case can again be brought before the U. S. Supreme Court. The same interests which railroaded Mooney to jail nineteen years ago, still control California's "justice"—the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, the Market Street Railway Co., the Fleishhacker finance-capital regime and all the other reactionary forces. They want Mooney kept in jail: besides, they are too busy organizing the vigilantes, fighting the militant waterfront unions and making plans for a new fascist campaign against organized labor to worry about the liberty of a man who has spent nineteen years of his life in the penitentiary for a crime he did not commit.

### *Murderers "Unrecognized"*

LAST week's newspapers which reported the lynching of Elwood Higginbotham, 28-year-old Negro, of Oxford, Miss., said simply that he was on trial for murder at the time the mob seized him. They failed to report the fact that Higginbotham was an organizer for the Sharecroppers' Union. Trouble developed last summer when he fenced his land to forestall the building of a road across it. The next night a mob of twenty-five farmers led by Glenn Roberts invaded Higginbotham's home. Roberts, who was brandishing a pistol, was shot and the sharecropper escaped while the rest of the mob fled. A wild man-hunt ensued, but Higginbotham eluded his pursuers for several days. Oxford officials took their spite out on the Negro's family; his brother-in-law was arrested, held for a week without bond and released only when he promised to leave the county. Higginbotham's sister was badly beaten and other relatives were hounded night and day. Higginbotham was finally captured and taken home for trial, but the jury hesitated to bring in a death verdict. Members of the mob which seized him are well known to Oxford officials, but a whitewash has already been effected. Trial Judge McElroy announced that the sheriff had told him that "none the mob was recognized" and "indicated" that the matter might

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ferred to the grand jury when it meets several months hence.

### *"Liberal" Strikebreakers*

THE strikebreaking tactics of the lofty-minded Schlink and Matthews, directors of Consumers' Research, have continued through another week. They have arms and ammunition in the C. R. plant, apparently ready to shoot down the strikers if they can be provoked to violence by hired thugs. The high-priced firm of lawyers, Pitney, Hardin and Skinner, are making lavish use of the funds of C. R. subscribers to break the strike in the courts. The typical big-business attitude of the C. R. management toward the striking stenographers, clerks and engineers has been made a matter of indisputable official record in an affidavit sworn by J. Russell Doyle, the sheriff of Warren County, N. J. Says the affidavit in part: "Soon after the strike commenced, the management of the plant employed four constables to act as guards. These guards paraded up and down with their revolvers showing and were a disturbing element in the strike situation. During the past seven days further armed guards were employed by the company . . . I greatly feared the presence of the private armed guards, believing that their constant presence would lead to a disturbance which might result in serious injury . . . I noticed a quantity of arms and ammunition in the plant . . . I requested the management to see the strikers and meet with them in an attempt to settle their differences. The management refused to do this . . . I am disturbed . . . over the refusal of the company to remove the private guards. I consider their presence the greatest threat to the maintenance of peace at the plant." The strikers have appealed for funds which are urgently needed to feed the strikers' families. Contributions may be sent to the Strike Aid Committee, 41 East 20th Street, N. Y.

### *Advance of the Students*

RESOLUTIONS approved by the national executive committees of both the Student League for Industrial Democracy and the National Student League favor the immediate unification of these two organizations. This decision is probably the most significant advance made by the student anti-war, anti-fascist movement since the first nation-wide anti-war strike in the spring of 1934. The new united front, to be known as the American Student Union, will not come into existence until approved by the organizations' national conventions meeting late in December. But the S. L. I. D. and the N. S. L. have cooperated closely for the past two years and will continue to do so in an even more powerful manner until the Student Union is inaugurated. The program of the Union will carry and intensify the fight against restraints on academic freedom, insufficient educational opportunities and discrimination against Negro students and will renew its resistance to the R. O. T. C. Action on such issues serves to educate and activize students for the larger struggle against war, fascism, insecurity and racial antagonism. Youth are vitally affected by reaction and by the danger of war; the Student Union will give them a potent new weapon assuring solidarity and unity of purpose.

### *Farmers from Missou*

THIRTEEN Missouri farmers who blocked a federal mortgage foreclosure sale have just been sentenced to from one day to three years' imprisonment. In an effort to get high sentences the defendants mistakenly entered pleas of guilty but Judge Reeves was adamant. "You is dangerously near to treason certainly rebellion and insurrection told the farmers as he fined guilty of a variety of crim from slander to mayhem. fact that the men had acted to save a neighbor from foreclos and ruin weigh as an extenuating circumstance with the judge, with unconscious irony that his usual solicitude for the defendants have sought and sought in vain some ameliorating circumstance. farmers were goaded into action Supreme Court's decision holding Frazier-Lemke mortgage moratorium measure unconstitutional. the decision was announced concerns started foreclosure the Middle West. Rising prices are enhancing the value lands and the banks and mortgage panies are anxious to reap Other struggles are in the the farmers will have to lean can expect only defeat if themselves on the mercies

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# What Happens to "Unemployables"

NOTHING so clearly points the sheer brutality and deliberate disregard of human need of the President's work program as the arefully planted use of the term "unmployables" in the relief program. An amazing study recently made by the Relief Administration now defiely testifies to the ruthless nature of ıe decimation of relief rolls by the classification of relief clients into emloyables and unemployables. What ıt reveals is that Roosevelt and the re"ef machine, faced with the problem of caring for more than five million families on relief, deliberately cast out one and a half million families as "unemployables" to be "turned back to the tates" without investigating whether ıe states could care for them. The ıvestigation, in short, reports that the ates are totally unable to care for this ıge relief burden.

The report, dated August 20, bears e cumbersome title, "Financial and dministrative Responsibility for Varis Welfare Activities in the Several ates as of August 1, 1935," and is rt of the study of transfer of unemoyables to local units conducted by F.E.R.A. *after* it had been decided k one and a half million families f. The report clearly indicates of these states has an adegram for the care of unem. In other words, first the tur a million and a half er to the states and find out whether the ca gally take care of them. ost of the families and single perdubbed "unemployable" by Roose- be thrown onto bankrupt d local welfare agencies. The mselves have no legal finanonsibility for general "poor 40 out of the 48 states. The and to a lesser extent, the towns, are responsible for ds under the General Poor ther words, the kind of he "unemployables" will many cases, will be the farm. All 48 states have or Laws, but the state sus care in only 13 states and the states help in any way e bills for poor relief.

proportion of "unemploy- mothers with dependent children. "Mothers' Aid" is supposed to take care of them when they are cut from the relief rolls, but the report points out that only 19 states provide any funds for Mothers' Aid. There are 45 states with Mothers' Aid Laws, but the report does not indicate how many of these are mandatory and how many optional. In 26 of these states, the counties, cities and towns have to supply all the funds for such aid, which means that it amounts to little or nothing. Alabama, Georgia and South Carolina have no provisions at all.

Another big group of "unemployables" is the aged. The federal government has left it up to the states to enact old-age pension laws to take care of this group. Only 36 states now have such laws and only 29 of these provide any funds for such pensions. The others leaves the fund-raising up to bankrupt counties and towns. The solid South—Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, and Texas — as well as Oklahoma, New Mexico and South Dakota have no old-age pensions in any form.

The third big group of "unemployables" is composed of disabled persons. What provision do we find for them when the F.E.R.A. turns them over to the states? The only special provisions for their care are pensions for the blind and soldiers'-and-sailors' relief. Twenty-eight states have pensions for the blind, again not necessarily mandatory and of these 28, only 15 states supply funds for such pensions. Forty-two states have soldiers'-and-sailors' relief, providing some funds in each state, but there is no indication of the kind or adequacy of the relief given to the veterans. What this means in many states is a soldiers' home available to civil war veterans.

The report does not cover recent emergency or unemployment relief legislation passed by the states, usually providing for raising of funds by means of sales taxes bearing heavily on workers and small farmers. Such laws, however, would not presumably affect the permanent relief load of "unemployables" which has to be taken care of out of existing social welfare services of the states. The government, spurred by its big-business advisers, has many times become indignant that such "unemployable" cases have been carried on F.E.R.A. rolls.

At the same time, in the face of ever-increasing misery and with a full knowledge of the inadequacy of the states in caring for this huge relief load, the government has consistently refused to set up an adequate nation-wide program of unemployment, old age and social insurance. The widely-hailed Social Security Act not only falls down in the face of the tremendous load it must carry, but is already bogged down as a result of politics which has cut off its operating funds so that it cannot begin to function even in its own lame way for six months.

The F.E.R.A. relief rolls carried over five and a quarter million families and single unattached persons early in the year. When he inaugurated the much publicized "off relief rolls and on to useful work projects by November 1" program, Roosevelt decided that only three and a half million of these five million were "employable." The rest, more than a million and a half, were "unemployable," brutally cut off relief and turned back to the states with crocodile-tear-statistical reports over the states' inability to care for them. "Careful case work" has been pruning these unemployables from the relief rolls. But that process is too slow. It can yield, by even the most savage case work of the F.E.R.A., only 900,000 families. The other 600,000, many of them farmers and agricultural workers, are clearly employables but there is no room for them on the works program. Wholesale relief purges, first in defenseless rural areas, then entire states at a time, now become the order of the day. Long before November 1, the President will again go on the air and point joyfully to official relief figures of much less than the first estimates of three and a half million.

This is the sum of the new relief policy: start with over five million on relief; cut off one and a half million, christen them "unemployables" with blessing and tears; give the remaining three and a half million "jobs" at starvation wages; and with their work build a war machine and smash the resistance of the working class, by driving down wages and standards of living throughout the country.

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ONE RAIN THAT WON'T STOP

*Russell T. Lim*

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# How Good Is Hearst Stock?

BRUCE MINTON

FOR over forty years, William Randolph Hearst has been an increasingly powerful figure in American life. ver, except when running for office, has earst disguised his deep contempt for the orkers and the small bourgeoisie. As he rows older, he emerges as an enthusiastic orter of Hitler and Mussolini and the ading advocate of fascism for this country. At the beginning of the depression, in 1930, arst launched a campaign to sell preferred ock in one of his own companies. The is- was designed to attract just the group r whom Hearst had time and again expressed his hatred; he offered $50,000,000 of Hearst 7-percent cumulative participating eferred shares, asking workers and white-lar groups and small business men to hdraw their savings from the banks and est in the new company. "Are you keeping faith with America?" he demanded. "Are r dollars Drones or Busy Bees giving you ull return?" The stock was hawked in ertisements appearing in the Hearst press, circulars and elsewhere, as an "ultra-conservative" security particularly appealing to small investor looking for the maximum safety.

But when Hearst offers to "share" his ofits, it is well to be cautious. Because of st record, an issue promoted by Hearst be considered just another stock on et—good, bad or indifferent. And rst indulges in high-powered sales- t is fair warning for the public suspicious. Because of this, the rcent preferred shares in which usiness men are urged to n THE NEW MASSES ttempt to estimate their true value ne light of Hearst's boast that they are fe," "conservative," definitely "non-speculative."

WHEN I met the salesman at the hotel, he handed me a prospectus of Hearst Consolidated Publications, Inc. The title page was framed by pictures of buildings in eight states. I was urged to sign on the dotted line, hand over the ...red cash and so become a partner of ...of the richest men in America. The ...was selling fast; I must act quickly if ...nted to get in on a good thing.

...plunged into his patter: "When you ...this stock, you'll have an investment in ...mpany composed of eleven large Hearst ...spapers, average age forty-eight years, and ...r holdings. Before, this stock was only ...ed to employes—some of it on the in...nent plan. That's how I got mine; ...been buying it for the last five years and ... me, it's a pretty comfortable feeling to get a check for 7 percent of your investment every three months. The company hasn't missed a payment yet. Assets are $123,000,000. You see all these buildings—" he pointed to the pictures on the prospectus, "well, we own every one of them. This issue represents a first lien on everything combined. In four years, the company has built up a surplus of $14,000,000."

I nodded. "What happens to all this money, this $50,000,000 from stock sales?"

"That goes to extend business. Into promotion. The papers are always expanding." He leaned closer, whispering, "We earned twice as much as dividend requirements to the end of June, 1935. Do you realize—" he was tapping my knee, "do you realize that over 60,000 investors have taken advantage of this offer?"

"It looks all right on the surface," I admitted. "But suppose I wanted to get my money in a hurry, suppose I needed cash?"

The chuckle was heartening. "Don't you worry about *that*. We have a resell department—in San Francisco. You can get your money out in twelve days. You're guaranteed $22.50 per share. Circulation is up every year. The 1935 earnings and the circulation are above that of 1934. The stock is registered at banks—"

"You mean recommended?"

"No, no. Registered. You can buy it at banks. The advertising schedule has improved by 46 percent. This issue is as sound, as secure, as fine as any comparable issue today. It might not be listed yet, but it will be when we've sold out the two million shares. Par is $25. All you have to do is tell me how much you want—"

"But to come back to the case I mentioned before. Suppose I wanted to sell?"

"You don't have to worry. We guarantee to buy it back for $22.50 a share. We used to pay more, but there's a new ruling. When it is listed on the exchange, it will undoubtedly shoot way up and then you'll have to buy it for what it's really worth. Now, my advice is—"

"But that guarantee? You'll give me a contract to buy it back at $22.50 any time I want to sell?"

"Well, not exactly. We'll buy it back—at the price that day. I can't guarantee the price. But it won't go down. If anything, it will rise—" his hand was over his head, "rise, rise—"

It was the salesman's conviction that the stock was as good as a savings account. He bought it in preference to government bonds, in preference to any other preferred stock on the market. And, he added, you get 300 percent more on your money than you do in a savings bank.

I shrugged. "Well, I don't know much about that. But someone told me that this Red-scare campaign hasn't done circulation much good."

He stood up. "Oh, you mustn't believe all you hear. Hearst is a public-spirited man. He knows what the public wants. He has given his best. He has exposed—"

I interrupted. "You say this money goes to promotion?"

"Why, yes."

"All of it? Any to Mr. Hearst?"

"Well, yes, I suppose some of it actually does go to Mr. Hearst. But some is used in promotion. I'm not certain of the proportions."

He shook hands. He walked down the lobby, then hurried back. "You know," he said, "Twenty million readers can't be wrong. When you see that headline, you know this is a pretty good proposition."

PRIOR to May 9, 1930, William Randolph Hearst was the sole owner of an organization known as the Star Holding Company, which owned a number of subsidiary companies. For the most part the property of the subsidiaries was heavily mortgaged and their stocks had been pledged to banks. In other words, money had been borrowed and in return the banks demanded and received as security a pledge of the stocks in the various subsidiaries. Bonds had been issued representing first mortgages in these companies. And in addition, Hearst had given his personal guarantee.

This guarantee was an unusual procedure. Companies whose financial affairs are in first-class condition are not required to give such guarantees. But Hearst was asked to do so. It is worth stressing that even S. W. Strauss and Co., by no means too particular as to the type of security it put on the market, did demand that Hearst personally guarantee bonds issued by The Chicago Evening American, The New York Evening Journal and other of the newspapers.

Then the Star Holding Company sold several of the publications (most of which were heavily mortgaged and whose stock had been pledged), to the Hearst Consolidated Publications Corporation, Inc. The sale involved the following publications: The New York Evening Journal, The San Francisco Examiner and Call-Bulletin, The Chicago Evening American, The Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph, The Oakland Post Enquirer, The Detroit Times, The Los Angeles Evening-Herald and Examiner, The Seattle Post-Intelligencer. Besides, The American Weekly, tied up with an operating contract—a contract in which The American Weekly pledged

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itself to pay 50 percent of its profits to an outside source (Hearst?)—was thrown in for good measure.

The new company did not include, by any means, *all* of the Hearst newspapers and none of the five national magazines (Cosmopolitan, Harpers Bazaar, Good Housekeeping, Motor Boating, Motor). Profit from these properties does not swell the balance sheet of the Hearst Consolidated Publication Co. Payment for the transaction went to the Star Holding Company (in the end to Hearst himself because he was the sole owner); it amounted to the entire issue of the common stock in the new company, valued at $20,000,000, plus the proceeds of the sale of the 7-percent preferred stock which totalled $50,000,000. Hearst pockets the money; it does not go, as the salesman said, into promotion. The newspapers are still subject to prior liens and mortgages, amounting to at least $26,094,800. Most of the beautiful buildings pictured on the circular, which the agent pointed to with such pride, are actually mortgaged or the stock of the subsidiary companies owing items to the banks is pledged under first mortgages. In the sales talk, in the prospectuses, the tacit suggestion is that the buildings are owned by the H. C. P. with no strings attached. And I also learned that The Chicago American building, one of those pictured on the circular, is not even owned by the H. C. P. It is therefore not an asset.

Moreover, while the circulars state that "Mr. Hearst invites you to *participate* in this great investment" (my italics), actually the purchaser is not participating in the ownership of the Hearst Consolidated Corporation. For the common stock, owned solely by Hearst, alone has the right to vote. The preferred stock has no voice in the conduct of the business, no real partnership in the enterprise—though it seemed to me as I read the advertisement that I was invited to put my money in and join hands with Mr. Hearst in the ownership of the business.

The salesman intimated that I can always resell my stock without difficulty. Surely, he remarked, it will be listed on the New York Stock Exchange. As yet, no application for listing has been made. Furthermore, the contract signed by the purchaser states, "The resell market is not guaranteed." Ask a lawyer what that means. Not only is the *price* of the stock not guaranteed but there is no compulsion on the H. C. P. to *buy* the stock at any price. The stock is unlisted. If the resell department suddenly refuses to buy the stock, the investor can either try a little high-power salesmanship of his own to see if he can palm it off on his neighbor, his business acquaintances or a stranger who might prove a sucker, or just stick it in the bureau drawer and forget it.

BUT, said my informer, circulation has gone up. Has it? Ayer & Sons' Annual Directory tells a different story. The following table is visual proof that the combined circulation of the H. C. P. newspapers has dropped:

| | 1930 | 1934 |
|---|---|---|
| Daily | 2,531,455 | 2,333,654 |
| Sunday | 1,636,665 | 1,666,583 |
| American Weekly (exclusive of circulation included in Sunday edition) | 4,400,021 | 4,103,483 |
| Total | 8,568,141 | 8,103,720 |

Of course, what the salesman claimed was technically correct: circulation has gone up in 1934 as compared to 1933. *But circulation at present is decidedly lower than the figure on which the stock was issued.* And one other boast of Hearst's is revealed for what it is worth. H. C. P. has 8,103,720 readers. His proud slogan, "Twenty million readers can't be wrong" looks a little sick. Is Hearst lying? No—he's too smart for that. There are twenty million readers—if one includes the ten Hearst newspapers and five magazines *not* owned by H. C. P. The stock in no way represents these publications. The slogan sounds good and it helps to sell stock. Small investors do not usually investigate such statements. They take them at face value. Their misunderstanding is not Mr. Hearst's business. He sells the shares: his tactics might not smell so good but he has never been noted for a sensitive nose.

If we examine advertising lineage in the papers owned by the H. C. P., we have much the same result as we found with reference to circulation. Advertising did increase in 1934 over 1933. But advertising has decreased from 1930 to 1934. In 1930, the total lineage was 122,864,304. In 1934, it was reduced to 87,577,998 or a *loss of over 35,000,000 lines.* The impression given by the prospectus is that advertising has increased. In reality, it has been cut by over 28 percent.

MR. HEARST claims a great deal for his stock. The picture of a vigorous Mr. Hearst points from the page of the prospectus at the reader. The following sales talk appears over his signature:

> I have purposely refrained at all times from optimistic prophesies because it has been our intentions from the first offering of Hearst Consolidated Class "A" stock to keep this security on a sound investment basis and to eliminate any speculative element.

And in a previous circular:

> We feel that contrasting this performance with that of other securities will demonstrate the inherent strength of this investment.

"Eliminate any speculative element," says Mr. Hearst. But Poors' Industrial Manual—a compilation similar to Dun and Bradstreet—rates Hearst Class "A" stock as "B" which means speculative. It adds:

> Stocks rated "B" as a rule are paying dividends but the probability of maintenance of these dividends does not appear strong enough to justify a higher rating. . . . The future of stocks of this class is dependent on future earning power as actually demonstrated so that some of issues may eventually work into a higher rat or conversely, drop into a lower class. Earn figures and important new developments sho be watched by holders of stocks of this rat and it should be realized that their position largely speculative.

Mr. Hearst also challenges a comp with other preferred shares. Space doe permit the reproduction of a compa statement of the Hearst stock with stocks; such a statement is also, technica difficult to interpret. But I have before the statements of H. C. P. and those Proctor and Gamble and Eastman K Company, as well as an analysis statements by a certified public acc who has given much study to the stock issue. It is worthwhile remarkin a few items. THE NEW MASSES, of co is not recommending either of the other stocks, nor is the writer.

In the first place, H. C. P. has iss $41,726,250 worth of 7-percent prefe stock and intends to raise this amour $50,000,000. Eastman Kodak has $6,165,700 in 6-percent preferred; P and Gamble has issued $16,951,700 percent preferred and $2,250,000 in cent preferred. The Hearst shares hav vote: the Eastman issue and the 8-per stock of Proctor and Gamble both have ing rights. Or compare the assets m the liabilities of the three companies (w out including good will or its sister i press franchises, circulation, reference lit ies, patents, copyrights, etc.) We find:

| Assets for Preferred Stock | | |
|---|---|---|
| H. C. P | Eastman Kodak | Proctor & G |
| $6,236,701 | $150,520,432 | $111,711, |

What does this mean? Hearst stock sued for *seven times the value of ass* we do not include intangibles. But the site is true of the Eastman ue whi covered by over twenty-five times its in assets; and of the Proctor and Ga issue which is covered by over six tim value.

Or compare the amount of cash in P. to that of the other companies. H. has a little over one million dollars others have over fourteen million dolla six million dollars respectively. Inves show the same general set-up: H. C. P under $43,000 of government sec Eastman owns over $10,000,000 and tor and Gamble over $13,000,0 able from notes and accounts, H. C. less than four million dollars, plus labelled "Due from Hearst Corporat slightly over six million dollars. has over eighteen million dollars ( items receivable from parent compa subsidiaries); Proctor and Gamble h eight million dollars.

But when it comes to total current ties, H. C. P. is right up with the them. The statement shows liabilities $14,000,000; Eastman, despite its hu talization, shows slightly over $15

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ıe Proctor and Gamble has less than $7,-
ɔ,000. And if we take the total current
ıbilities from the assets, Hearst has a re-
inder of $1,808,832 as compared to
astman with a balance of over $85,000,000
Proctor and Gamble of over $59,000,-

ıearly the protection offered to the in-
by H. C. P. is not even in the same
ory as that offered by the other two
anies which are rated as conservative,
speculative investments. Analysis proves
Hearst's extravagant claims for his Class
7-percent preferred are not only exag-
but false. At best, the issue is risky
nvestment. For the above figures re-
he difference between conservative and
ıative. While Eastman can pay off the
re preferred stock issue with half of its
on hand and Proctor and Gamble can
off theirs with cash on hand and govern-
ıt securities, H. C. P. cannot in this re-
t pay off even 4 percent of its stock issue
its cash and government securities. In
ıarison with stock outstanding, Eastman
and Proctor and Gamble have many
the amount in assets; but *H. C. P.*
*sued stock to the tune of close to seven*
*the amount of assets available to cover*

ut the choice item that looms up from
H. C. P. statement I have left to the
When you want to water stock, you go
or "good will" in a big way. Good will
n intangible; it is not easily estimated,
annot readily be turned into cash, it is
unded by an aura of vagueness. Good-
is never estimated as an item on which
fer a conservative, safe-investment, pre-
stock. Eastman Kodak Company does
rry a penny on its books for goodwill,
patents, copyrights, trademarks, etc.,
h these items are undoubtedly of great
to the company. Still they cannot be
ated with any certainty. Proctor and
ıble carry the item for the sum of $1.
H. C. P. has another approach: good-
is by all odds the largest single entry
e statement. It is not called goodwill,
st not on the statement. It goes under
ıore imposing title of "Press franchises,
tion, reference libraries, etc." But
what you want, it remains goodwill.
resents about three-fifths of the so-
$123,000,000 assets that the salesman
ıbout. It amounts to the staggering
63,971—for the most, an esti-
Mr. Hearst as to what his name
reputations of the publications in
P. are worth.
led in this estimate is an amount for
anchises; the most generous estimate
place this at not more than $6,000,-
ne of it includes reference libraries
ısual newspaper "morgue"—but these
e sold if they are to be turned into
assets and that is not such an easy
o do. The library consists mostly of
es of newspapers. Certainly they are
h anything like $6,000,000, but for the sake of argument, let us estimate them at that figure. Then there are copyrights, patents, etc. There is no way of finding out what these are worth. To be more than liberal, let us allow $5,000,000 for them. Which leaves $60,000,000—50 percent of the assets—as an estimate of the probable value of the present circulation or over $7 per reader (at Mr. Hearst's boast of 20,000,000 readers, it amounts to $3 a reader).

Space does not permit an exhaustive analysis of H. C. P. So sum up:

| | H.C.P. | Eastman Kodak | Proctor and Gamble |
|---|---|---|---|
| Total pfd. stock issued | $41,726,250—7% | $ 6,165,700—6% | $ 2,250,000—8%<br>16,951,700—5% |
| To be sold later | 8,273,750—7% | | |
| Total amount | $50,000,000 | $ 6,165,700 | $19,201,700 |
| Voting rights | None | Full vote | Full vote for 8% shares |
| Net assets for pfd. stock, not including intangibles | 6,236,701 | 150,520,432 | 111,711,723 |
| Value of assets in comparison to amount of stock issued | 1/7 of stock issue | 25 times stock issue | 6 times stock issue |
| Cash on hand | 1,151,144 | 14,683,443 | 6,088,197 |
| Government securities | 42,663 | 10,935,684 | 13,933,900 |
| Receivable from notes and accounts | 3,753,409 | 18,145,621 | 8,062,621 |
| Due from Hearst Corporation | 6,058,610 | | |
| Current liabilities | 14,984,327 | 15,109,870 | 6,663,508 |
| Assets after liabilities are deducted | 1,808,832 | 85,107,886 | 59,680,372 |
| Goodwill, patents, copyrights, trade marks, libraries, etc. | 77,763,971 | ..... | 1 |

The reader has by now a rough idea that Hearst is once more coming to the public—"his public"—with a plan that is not what it is represented to be. There is no denying that H. C. P. has made money. The newspapers included in the company have large circulations and carry much advertising—and these items have increased in value in 1934 as compared to 1933. But when Hearst suggests that this stock is "ultra-conservative," that it is as good as a savings account or as other conservative preferred stocks, he is simply not telling the truth.

To summarize: The investor gets stock in a company whose earnings have dropped steadily since 1930, so that in 1934 they had diminished by over $2,000,000 or by more than 25 percent. Now the depression certainly accounts for some loss of income, circulation, advertising lineage. But the company, in its five and some odd years of existence, while showing decreases, has failed to write off a single dollar from the "goodwill, press franchises, circulation, etc." item to compensate for these decreases. With hardly any cash, hardly any government securities, with assets to a large extent mortgaged and the stock of the subsidiary companies pledged to cover bond issues, H. C. P. nevertheless continues to carry goodwill as a non-depreciable item. The stock is labelled "B"—meaning "speculative"—by Poors' Manual. And despite these facts, Mr. Hearst persists in his misleading and often deliberately false advertising to unload his stock on the public.

THERE are other items that must be noted. Any financial expert will tell you that a first-class preferred stock should have at least four times as much in current assets as in current liabilities. We find that Proctor and Gamble and Eastman Kodak far surpass even this ratio. But Hearst has exactly *one-seventh* the current assets compared to current liabilities, or *one-twenty-eighth* the current assets necessary to warrant calling his stock "safe." That is typical of the way Hearst usually does things—he makes claims which when investigated are found to be flagrant violations of truth, lies to fool the people and to enable Hearst to rake in the profits.

Another item. The same financial experts will tell you that any sound company issuing preferred stock must have at least fifty cents in cash for every dollar in current liabilities. H. C. P. has not more than fifteen cents. Eastman has over one dollar. Proctor and Gamble has over ninety-nine cents. But still Mr. Hearst goes on insisting that his stock is "comparable" to the best.

Several years ago, these shares which Mr. Hearst sells for $25 were offered on the unlisted, over-the-counter market for from $17 to $18 a share. Did Mr. Hearst lower his price to his employes or to those people who bought the stock directly from him? Not a bit. While an investor could buy the stock for two-thirds of what Hearst sold it for, Hearst continued unloading at the old price to the unsuspecting and uninformed. Stock selling is a fine money-making proposition—for Hearst.

THIS latest financial scheme is in line with everything Hearst has sponsored during his forty years and more in public life. Like everything else he has attempted to palm off on the public, H. C. P. is not all it is cracked up to be. Mr. Hearst is now busy loading bad securities on the workers and the small bourgeoisie, whom he has continually reviled. He takes the cash. Mr. Hearst has again thought up a scheme whereby he can make an enormous profit while the public holds the bag. It is not called cheating when done on such a large scale—rather, it is known as a bit of high finance with Mr. Hearst still within the law. But to the small investor who puts his life savings into Hearst Class "A" preferred shares, it is likely to prove a **colossal swindle.**

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# Farewell and a Promise to Barbuss

JOSEPHINE HERBST

PARIS: September 7, 1935.

NO ONE did any business this Saturday afternoon in the little shops along the way from Porte de la Chapelle to the cemetery of Pere Lachaise. By three o'clock the streets were jammed with watchers and marchers in the procession following Henri Barbusse to his grave.

This is certainly not a funeral procession. It is bright with red wreaths and the faded blue clothes of workers. At the head five red flags are borne high aloft. The coffin lies simply on a plain black open coach drawn by horses and it is completely covered with a red flag. Ahead are five coaches loaded with great bright wreaths tied with red ribbons lettered in gold. I am not close enough at first to see these wreaths, only a mass of color up ahead and the red flags. It is very hard to get close enough to see anything. The street is a slow-moving river of people, separated from the sidewalk crowds by long lines of workers holding hands in a chain. Some of them are wearing red shirts and red scarfs. They extend far back, I cannot begin to see the end of the procession; I cannot even get up toward the beginning. I can only run along the pavement, squeezing in where I can. At every cross street, great cement, coal and transport trucks are now packed with workers in their work clothes. As the procession passes by every truck bristles with the raised arm and clenched fist of the Communist salute. In the four and five ranks nearest the edge of the sidewalks it is an almost unanimous salute to the last man, woman and child. Back against the shops lookers-on watch sympathetically. The shopkeepers have given up for the day and are standing in their aprons silently. On the sidewalks many people are walking, keeping up with the procession. Most of them wear a little photograph of Barbusse pinned to a lapel, with his dates, 1873-1935. His thin almost frail face with the warm intense eyes is before everyone today. To the top floor of three and four storied buildings, men and women in work clothes and aprons crowd one another for a last view and salute.

There must be hundreds of thousands of people here. Many thousands are in the procession, many more pack the sidewalks solid. There are few elegant black-coated figures. This is a genuine workers' day. They have taken possession of their friend and comrade. The voices of the young women and men ahead singing the Red Funeral March float far back with an incredible sombre and sweet precision. The only mourning is worn by members of the family who unobtrusively join the procession a little farther on and walk behind the red-draped coffin. Among them is a tiny girl in a bright red cap, white dress and a red scarf. A one-legged man on crutches walks alone and unaided directly behind and a cripple in a wheel chair is pushing himself forward with his head firmly and proudly in the air.

This is a proud procession. The streets are almost completely quiet. There is no traffic, only marching feet. People on the sidewalks do not talk much and most of the workers have hastily come from shops. They are in work clothes; some of them have their tools. The white dust of plaster and the black grime of coal and dirt are on their shoes. Everyone is crowding to see and salute. A man desperately climbs a bicycle parked against a tree. Boys lean dangerously from trees to shoot out their arms in salute. As the procession passes a railway station the elevated steps are packed. A great arm and clenched fist shoots out determinedly from the crowd; a big head with bare neck and tousled hair, struggles to see. More than half of all people in the windows of houses salute. A few windows have hung out the red flag.

Now we are passing a building under construction. Workers have quit work and are sitting high up on the scaffolding in their work clothes, their shapeless shoes, whitened with plaster, dangling down. There must be at least fifty of them and they salute together, high in the air. On the very top of the building a worker in his undershirt shoots up his bare arm against the blue sky. The marchers below answer this group-salute raised fists.

*Georges Schreiber*

Old women in aprons run out from sh Little children on their father's shoul hold fists in the air. At the Place Combat circus performers stare from windows of their wagons. The proc squeezes past the empty iron horses c merry-go-round, the dangling ferris w and swings and rides-of-death into the b ing Boulevard de Belleville. Taxis line curb with people sitting on the roofs; t carts have stopped their business; as the p cession crosses the Loire one of the un ployed has been washing his shirt down the river and he stares upward as the flags pass. Every now and then a girl w wet eyes crowds forward; an electrician a truck shifts the tools on his arm, win back tears. Arms strain from the back crowds, heads stretch, a truck on busin rattles by on the other side of the boulev making a great crackling noise but the wo ers standing in the back raise clenched f as they jolt past. This is a mass of peo making not only a farewell to Barbusse, b a promise.

These shops will do no business Plumbers' equipment stores, m sachets, tiny restaurants, fancy shops, are empty. Something m than selling is afoot. This where it is going. It knows its friends. The worker sogs with fatigue with nothing in m worry for the next meal, the ne next day, is not here. Workers the poorest are here but they k up in the world. It is impo these streets without remembering how complicated and threatening world to which Barbusse was so deeply concerned. Or members not only his face and thin sto body but his history. Of bourgeois or with the World War he put his feet straight and uncompromising path. Quotations from his own works, from *Le Feu* *Clarté,* printed on long white strea flash by in the procession. The living of the dead were never so timely.

Here is the simple carriage with the draped body. Behind, the intimate m ers. Back of them, representatives fro Communist Party, other delegations an portant people. I do not recognize a except Earl Browder in the front ran among the crowd know many more do. The newspapers will probably tell one many things but right now the dead comrade going by. He is the t now as always, of the man in the fel pers who is trying to hoist himself

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and of the six young workers who stand
her with raised fists.
veryone here knows the danger in the
d. They are thinking of that threat,
as I am. As for myself, I have just
come from Germany and it is impos-
to stand here without remembering
n streets, without seeing all too clearly
face of the worker telling me of the
workers who were lately shot in an
npted strike. His lips, that were very
tive, had trembled a little as he spoke
as I left the house and we stood to-
r in the darkened street with rain be-
ng to come down, his handclasp was as
and strong as the raised fists along this
s boulevard.
his procession seems to have no end; a
s of Communist youth bearing a banner
our Henri Barbusse—you have shown
way, we will follow"; a delegation from
Committee for the Release of Thaelmann
ying a great wreath to "Our great friend
president." From small towns; from
vre and Nantes, scenes of recent strikes;
n radical-socialist groups, factory unions
Communist locals all over France, dele-
ons are marching.
The procession begins to march at three
lock. It is half-past six before it reaches
e Lachaise. The high ivy-covered walls
lined with crowds along the walk and
om the inside people have climbed behind
wall and are looking over the top, wait-

ry stiff elegant old man with white
mustache is giving the Communist salute. A worker in old clothes with a ragged cap pulled over one ear is trying to worm his way through the crowd toward the gates. He is humming the Red Funeral March and he wears a little motheaten red ribbon. He has a special bouquet of his own, carefully wrapped in heavy butcher's paper so it will be fresh when laid upon the grave. The two middle carriages bearing wreaths are from the Soviet Union, the black lettering on the red ribbons is Russian and the bouquets themselves, now withered, have the wild sweet disorder of field flowers. There are wild flowers in mixed bouquets, little sweet-smelling fir trees, two great bouquets of red paper roses and poppies here.

The sun is still shining as the procession turns in under the great chestnut trees. The thick mass of people presses through the narrow cemetery streets swelling and filling the shadows, the red flaming under the sombre trees, the white banners with their warning cries coming resolutely through the gates and at the very last an old donkey cart carrying a man with a crutch followed by thirty bicycles with young boys.

SUNDAY, September 8.

CARRYING two modest bouquets of red and purple asters we visited the grave of Henri Barbusse this morning. It was another sunny day. To get to the grave one walks through the older part of the cemetery, past the tomb of Abelard and Eloise with their austere beautiful effigies in stone. This tomb truly belongs to lovers who come here with offerings of tiny bouquets. A little bunch of marigolds is at this moment resting upon the stone dog at Abelard's feet. Then past Rossini's tomb where friends keep flowers always fresh, past innumerable sepulchres of the dead who belonged only to their families, until one comes at last to the newer, plainer part of Pere Lachaise. The great wreaths for Henri Barbusse are spread around on the ground and under the sycamores, workers who could not come yesterday are visiting the grave, walking past in a curiously upright, almost soldierly fashion, giving the quick-clenched Communist salute. The vistiors stand reading the lettered ribbons on the wreaths. Little children tug at their father's hand. Here is a wreath from the Communist municipality of Bagnolet; another from North Africa "To the friend of the humble"; one from journalists of France and one from a National Committee of Men of Arts and Letters. Factory workers have sent wreaths of red-paper carnations, from the Italian emigres comes one to "The great friend and valiant fighter for liberty." Many anti-fascist and anti-imperialist organizations from every country in Europe sent wreaths. And finally, in plain view, lies a small wreath of red dahlias from the unemployed of Epinay-sur-Seine, "To Henri Barbusse, our friend and comrade."

It does not need the great wreath from the Soviet Union with black inscription on the red ribbon "To Henri Barbusse, the friend of the proletarian world and of the Soviet Union" to tell that here lies one who most truly and tenderly belonged to the workers of the world.

# Minneapolis Counts Its Victims

## MERIDEL LE SUEUR

MINNEAPOLIS.

"WHAT can we do now?" a Farmer-Laborite said in despair at the mass meeting held
nvestigate the Farmer-Labor mayor of
neapolis, who the night before had al-
pickets at the Flour City Ornamental
Works to be fired upon, killing two
injuring fifty. "Fifteen years work to
up a labor party gone to pot. What
we do?" This woman has known what
as in North Dakota to feed her five
lren all winter on wheat middlings and
ng else. Like thousands of other rank-
ile farmers and workers in the party she
fought for years to build a party that
d by education and the vote prevent
oly capital from quashing the rights of
rs and farmers.
ey now have a Farmer-Labor governor.
year in August he called out the militia
reak the truck drivers' strike, when the
of police, Bloody Johannas, supported
he Citizens' Alliance, fired point blank into the backs of strikers, killing two workers, wounding over forty. For two and a half months the city of Minneapolis has been in the power of the Farmer-Laborites, with a Farmer-Labor mayor, Thomas Latimer, and a majority in the city council. These men were elected by the militant rank-and-file members of the party over the opposition of the conniving Farmer-Labor machine.

And yet despite this political "victory," on the evening of September 11 at eleven o'clock, with the Farmer-Labor party in the saddle, masses of unarmed workers were fired on while picketing the Ornamental Iron Works. Two were killed and scores injured, including women and children. The events that led to the shooting are these:

On July 2 picketing began at three ornamental-iron companies to secure a unified wage scale and recognition of the union as a bargaining agency for its members. The picketing spread. On July 20 Flour City secured a temporary court order barring pickets from interfering with workmen. Mayor Latimer, who before becoming mayor was a chief fighter in the Twin Cities against injunctions, now found that being mayor was "different." He gave the Flour City plant a police guard of twenty-one men.

On July 26, to the surprise and horror of Farmer-Laborites, forty men entered the plant under police guard and Mayor Latimer's personal supervision. It seems Latimer had met with the employers and decided there was no strike! A disturbance developed as scabs left the plant that night under the guard of fifty cops; the grand jury began an investigation under supervision of the Citizens' Alliance.

On August 24, behind locked doors, in the mayor's office, reactionary labor leaders, the Civic and Commerce Association and the Farmer-Labor mayor planned to "collaborate." The reactionary labor leaders were out to work with the employers who were determined to keep Minneapolis open shop, using the "liberal" mayor as a go-between. These employers were of the current viru-

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lent temper, determined to "control their own plants," "not to be run by unions," fancying themselves as "benevolent capitalists." Each strike revolved around recognition of the union.

After this secret meeting and the appointment of a labor board by the mayor consisting of four reactionary employers and three reactionary A.F. of L. leaders, the A.F. of L. leaders issued a public statement denouncing as rackets the splendid strike struggles now being conducted by a number of A.F. of L. unions for improved living conditions and the right to organize. The report concluded: "It is agreed to uphold the mayor in the event he found it necessary to use firm police measures to prevent illegal picketing." This statement was followed by one from the Citizens' Alliance which "notes with a keen sense of gratification, encouragement and hopefulness, the reported statements of leaders of state and local organizations." The truth is the mayor fell for this horse trading, agreeing to work with A.F. of L. bureaucrats to "cleanse the labor movement of its militants if the Citizens' Alliance would cleanse itself of its "racketeers." Needless to say after this the Citizens' Alliance had the mayor in its pocket. It was the development John Strachey, when he was in Minnesota, prophesied for the reformist party, in the light of what happened to the British Labor Party—class collaboration instead of class struggle, due to the individual ambitions of reformist leaders once they got into office and the lack of control by the rank and file over its elected leaders.

To continue the march of events: On Sept. 6, Mayor Latimer allowed the Flour City, with the aid of armed guards, to house scabs within the factory in order to fulfill an order from the United States government. The union protested to the mayor that a city ordinance against housing of persons in industrial plants was being violated. More investigation followed while the Flour City temporarily enjoined the city from enforcing the housing ordinance.

On Sept. 10—police used tear gas to rout pickets and 1,000 spectators.

On Sept. 11—guns were fired from armored cars into a picket line of two thousand, with over three thousand spectators, two killed, many wounded.

THE strike committee interviewing Mayor Latimer was told that it is one thing to be radical when you are in the ranks and another thing when you are mayor subject to capitalist laws and injunctions. "Then," said the workers, "there is something wrong with your theory of political power." The mayor was buffaloed by fear of the grand jury, impeachment, indictment for malfeasance if he ignored the legal traps set by the Citizens' Alliance. He found himself operating under a capitalist law that he was not ready to oppose.

The workers cannot understand what has happened to Tom Latimer, friend of labor, Socialist for years, fighter of injunctions, who had promised in his campaign speeches that "police shall not be used to break strikes and we guarantee that no Farmer-Labor administration will use the police against peacefully striking workers." Standing on the dark street September 11, Farmer-Laborites could not believe that they were seeing the fruits of their political "victory." They said, "There is some mistake. Tom must know something we don't know." Yet there we were, standing in the street packed with militant workers, with armored cars patrolling back and forth and a hundred policemen, most of them from the identical gun squad that fired into the truckers last year, who have been heard to say time and again that they would "get" the strikers. Men were also on the picket lines with the buckshot scars of last year on their flesh. Despite the so-called radical platform there was the sign and symbol of the Citizens' Alliance: armored cars filled with gas bombs, guns, plowing through the naked brave mass of unprotected workers who stood and moved together, a thick sturdy mass around the vine-covered factory representing the feudal barons of the Citizens' Alliance.

By ten o'clock the crowd had swelled, the scabs looked uneasily out of the glass windows. The police cars kept coming in. The picket line wound like a dark rope, closely woven and strong. The workers still said, up to the barking of the guns: "Tom Latimer is going to protect us. He knows something we don't. Maybe he knows that the company is bringing in thugs to attack us. . . He knows something we don't . . ." and the speech was cut short by the barking of guns, firing into the naked flesh of workers.

The cops went berserk, night sticks flailed, they spotted the strikers they knew from last year and went after them, even newspaper men were not safe. A group of pickets skilled in strategy of the barricades from last year's fighting waited until the tear gas settled and then came in with rocks, pathetic weapons against armored cars and guns. They stoned the cops and the firing increased. A woman getting off a street car was shot a block away. A boy coming from a church social was shot in the chest and died instantly. A man putting out the milk bottles on his back porch was shot. There was bedlam for two hours, women screaming, street skirmishes, people shot picking up the wounded; the streets of Minneapolis ran blood under a Farmer-Laborite regime.

MINNEAPOLIS labor the next morning was torn between anger and dismay and grief. The phones were ringing all over town. What has happened? It is impossible. It is incredible. Statements were issued. Mayor Latimer said there would be an investigation and if the police had fired without provocation they would be dealt with! He got out a warrant against Tetlaff, Vice-President of the Flour City and then to show he was for both sides he got out rants for four strike leaders for incitin riot. This liberal fair-play is amazing. year Governor Olson under the same raided everyone, even his own party quarters. Bloody Johannas after all was on one side.

Vice-President Tetlaff said he had notl to arbitrate and no responsibility to carry the riots of the night before. "Must a rep able firm which has been doing business forty years be compelled to keep its doc closed because a gang of agitators does r want our employes to work?"

The grand jury sat, to investigate son more.

The mayor brilliantly asked for two hu dred more police, which added to the worl ers' wrath.

Martial law was threatened.

General strike was threatened.

The Iron and Ornamental Iron Works a last was shut tight.

Farmer-Labor Alderman Scott suggested that an ad be put in the paper, for sale of six "slightly-used armored cars." His motion was defeated. The armored cars will be repaired for future use.

The mayor said he had to keep within the law, didn't he? The police were for protection! And he said privately to friends that nobody knew the heat he got!

The Women's Auxilliary of the Farme Labor Party called a mass meeting to "le the facts." Labor already knew the its own government had fired on it broke lose at this meeting. Mayor peeped from behind the other sp the platform white as a ghost. H ents cried out for him, in hope s up there Tom, you're not yellow, a The Mayor came forward and start ing, drowned out time and again by roar of the workers. He said: "I hav in office two and a half months. I ha before two grand juries. I have to o law. . . ." A groan went up. Su man was tried for malfeasance by the zens' Alliance, wouldn't he be the citizen of Minnesota by that token? God!" said a woman, clenching her big h on her arms, "Isn't there a man left in states?" The mayor repeated, "I have b before two grand juries. They say I fighting on the side of the workers. I su pose you will say I have been fighting the side of the employers. . . ." There were boos and shouts, "Ah the poor, poor creature," the woman moaned, "Ah the poor baby."

When the mayor left right after his speech and was getting into his car, someone ran after him and struck him a blow in the mouth and he stood baffled, the blood spurting from his lips. A month ago when he escorted scabs into the factory a worker collared him at the City Hall, "You so and so," he said, "I spent half my wages to elect you . . . if you betray us. . . ." Some one hustled him away, the mayor th

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: and ran into the city hall. The city is now guarded by police and every s questioned as he goes in and out.

er the mayor spoke the Farmer-Labor ıen tried to speak. They brought all their es and their quick tongues, but the ers were through with that now. "No ics now," they screamed . . . "never mind politics now. . . ." They urged the wd to be calm and it rocked blackly w them, seething and frightening. They st consider all sides. The house below ked, they were only on one side that was ar. The blood of the aldermen ran thin th fright now. "Never mind the white- ısh," the workers cried, "don't alibi." Boos d jeers stopped the meeting time and time ain. The little bevy of white-collared ald- ıen on the platform got nervous, the dark ring crowd seemed to creep up upon them, essing with a physical might. You could mell them, feeling them rising gigantic up- vard in the hot auditorium.

Representative Bennett was at first cheered, ɔecause he had introduced the Lundeen bill nto the state senate and was later booed when he said that we must have "calm judg- ment and deliberation, and we must not condemn the mayor for one mistake. I have known him for many years; I am sure he is a sincere man. . . ." A chorus of boos for ten minutes. No one could stop it. A tall rdonic man rose up from the rear. "When make a mistake with a bullet," he said, ɔpose you're sincere. I shot you sin- . . ." A great hiss of laughter rose 'ly. Bennett was nervous. "I'll said to the chairman, "if it's the I do." But he didn't finish. . . . vd roared after him. "You're Bennett. . . . You're through. . . . l of you. . . . ."

ader from Local 574 spoke. "The for last night's tragedy lies at the office. Latimer tore down last vhat it took workers fifteen years to The Farmer-Labor Party is dead it expels the bureaucracy from its " Hussman of Local 1313, the striking , spoke; "Don't criticize the whole , don't give the other side the chance have been waiting for to split the party le open. Place the blame where it belongs l then carry on solidly to win for labor." her speakers . . . "We told voters that ce the Farmer-Labor party gained control ıo longer would police clubs descend on the heads of workers and there was no proviso ıullifying this principle if political jobs were ın danger. . . ."

There was something frightening in this meeting, chastening and frightening to the individualistic, bureacratic aldermen who have gone mad for power and jobs. But the great mass of militant workers in the dark- ness of the hall, listening to no more words of enchantment, at last understanding the real power on the barricades, in groups run- ıng on dark streets with guns behind them, a mass experience of hunger, of solidarity, a physical power, at last gleaming below them.

This was not the time for "impartial facts"—at such a time the cry of impartiality plays directly into the hands of the enemy. There was in it a bone-and-blood reality that was single, passionate, no longer tricked by the word. The aldermen left hurriedly. The sponsors of the meeting adjourned and left. It was very curious, the slow closing in, the singing, shouting, the lean bitter faces, the blood-shot eyes of picketers, the cry, the fierce movement from the dim audi- torium, the aldermen rising full of assurance, aplomb, words, stuttering, halting, then flushing, then standing without slick talk, baffled, frightened by the steady roar coming from below, that was frightening, terrible and single as the Mississippi slowly filling from its many tributaries, slowly swelling to a glut, a roar of terrible intention and ferocity.

THE meeting was turned over to the workers. Harry Mayville, strike leader of the Communist Party, said, "The Farmer-Labor Party isn't dead but like a carrot it has started to rot at the top. The top must be chopped off and thrown into the political junk heap."

Another mass meeting was announced for the following night at the Flour City Works and "we will be our own police and not a window will be broken." There were slow words spoken, the slow steady organization of a militant movement. Hundreds of workers leaned forward: new plans, new intentions, a mass funeral for the dead boys. "We must beat back the efforts of the em- ployers, through the misleaders, to frame the workers. . . ."

. . . "save the Labor Party . . . the Labor Party must be saved. Make them live up to their promises. . . . Now they are not a bit better than the administration before them. The mayor wants to be on the Su- preme Court. We have no business with such monkeyshines. We want food. We want what the ticket promised, 35-percent in- crease in relief, lowering of food prices, pro- tection of workers in strikes. . . ."

A mass march the next morning, don't let up, the slow strong pressure. . . . They will do something. A woman says, "I never saw the workers like that. I never saw it. Why they came in singing . . . something will happen. . . ."

Talk going on . . . national guardsmen mobilized at the armory already . . . "By God and by Jesus," says an old Swedish iron-worker with knots on him like a tree a hundred years old, "if our leaders bring in the militia against us . . ." his silence is a bad threat. Talk continuing, . . . "Mo- bilizing the militia . . . Governor Olson to carry on the dirty work of Latimer. . . ." A dark crowd outside, men in groups like a titanic twister whirling up from the ground. Women stand uncertain, listening. . . . Groups congeal, move, congeal again. A whirl of men close-packed at the door swirling blackly in strong talk and out from their midst explodes: "General strike . . . general strike. . . ."

Friday morning, the city tense, a low hum sounded in the street where the un- employed were massing; you could hear it up Nicollet Avenue. It made the women shoppers stop uneasily.

About ten the clot thickened, congealed, a dark strange stream of men started down Nicollet toward the city hall without a band, the only music from their own starved throats and the steady shuffle of their broken shoes. These marchers make the shoppers fidgety, the march of the unemployed. . . . Now a band . . . I love a parade . .. but this.

In the court house, grand jury meeting, investigation, talk, pussy-footing, one step forward, one step back . . . horse-trading, back-slapping, betrayal. Mayor Latimer look- ing out of the window having come down the corridor from the grand jury rooms. He is white and diminished, his mouth shows a cut where a fist has cut him. The many pictures taken of him the last few days show him always suspended in a door, half-coming, half-going, pausing, hesitating, turning around with frightened eyes. He is slow and stub- born and ambitious, I suspect. He's a worker, come up painfully into the professional petty bourgeoisie. He is suffering. I speak to him a moment, "I'm misunderstood," he says. His eyes shift, suffering and baffled. He is diseased with bourgeoise obliqueness, and a dislike of head-on collisions with the society he has tried to climb up into, full of physical hesitations, which make him want to be on both sides. He is torn psychically by his own career and a confused socialism.

THE petty-bourgeois element in the Farmer-Labor Party is learning some- thing. Telephones ring, women talk ex- citedly, "The workers broke up the meeting last night . . . w[illegible] is to be done . . . if you can't trust a m[illegible] like Tom Latimer? The trouble is we have [illegible] control over a man after he is once in offic[illegible] . . . [illegible]vernor Olson has sent for Adjutant [illegible]sh[illegible]nd is now drafting a special martial law [illegible]clama- tion. We do not need troops. Troop[illegible] will be used as before to break up the strike . . . is that anything for a Farmer-Labor regime to be doing? . . ." No troops in Minneapolis. This is the demand of the people. Tele- phones ring, there is talk, uneasiness, people wandering downtown, eyes at the windows.

But at ten o'clock, without drum or fife, four abreast, comes the answer. Down Nicol- let Avenue, silent with only the curious shuffle of half-bare feet, four abreast, farm- ers, workers, white and black, men and women, slowly marching between the crowds of shoppers, standing silent in a fright, watching from the sidewalks, from the win- dows, and there was a silence as if they moved directly behind the question. What will happen now? They carried signs. . . .

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"We want bread, not bullets." "We can't live on tear gas." "Kick out Latimer." They marched slowly, the strong and ravaged faces of workers, flesh ruined by semi-starvation, the shanks hanging lean in pants that were slept in night after night at missions and flops, the lean chests and haunting eyes of men who have nothing to lose but their hungers, whose leader, twenty minutes later, in the face of the armored cars pulled alongside him, shouted, "I'm not afraid! Shoot if you like!..."and whose strike committee can say in the face of terror and bullets, "We are determined to carry out this fight. We are determined to continue to picket the plant until it is closed or until our reasonable demands are granted."

Twenty minutes later the armored car drove amongst these unemployed workers vomiting tear gas upon them, not a bomb's throw from Mayor Latimer's office. The headlines on the street said "City Hall veiled in tear gas." They might have said "Farmer-Labor administration veiled in tear gas."

Minneapolis for the coming winter is a battleground. It has been shown now clearly that the employers will stop at nothing to keep the city open shop. The Strutwear Knitting Mills have been closed by militant action and the employers have shut their doors rather than bargain with the union. Strikes in progress at the present time involve over 1,800 workers in twenty-one plants and seventy construction jobs. The Fur Workers' Union is leading a strike demanding that the thirty-five hour week be retained; 200 wood turners are striking and walkouts are threatened by filling-station workers, cleaners and dyers and the u sterers' union. The Farmer-Labor bu cracy is playing ball with the Citizens' liance.

The militia is in the armory. Petty-bou geois politicians, ambitious office holders, horse-trading opportunists, wrangle in the City Hall while tear gas and bullets are loosened upon the workers; the threat general strike is the reply of the work aroused and angry, threatened with coo wages, relief cuts, starvation and the bulle of a savage employer class determined t break the unions.

The Communist Party is calling upon the rank and file to turn the Farmer-Labor Party into a class-struggle party instead of a class-collaboration party, with a leadership of militant and honest workers.

# Mussolini's Press

## JAMES CARROLL

A GERMAN philosopher once sketched a scene of a hangman placing a noose around the neck of a convicted prisoner. Through it all, the executioner was comforting the condemned with the assurance that "it was all for his good." Such a situation is funny, but not to the hangman or his victim. It reminds one rather strongly of the whole tribe of imperialists in their dealings with "inferior nations."

It is not necessary to go back to the ancient Romans and their blessings of the *pax Romana* to all the benighted. Let us stay with the last century. David Livingstone, missionary and advance guard of empire, addressed Oxford and Cambridge students and said: "I go back to Africa to try to make an open path for commerce and Christianity." At work in Africa, he saw another vision, strangely compounded of religion and imperialism. "We ought to," he declared, "encourage the Africans to cultivate for our markets as the most effectual means next to the Gospel for their elevation."

Henry Morton Stanley, explorer and rescuer of Livingstone, saw similar advantages for African ventures. Addressing the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, chiefly cotton merchants, he reminded them that if missionaries could persuade the naked savages to wear clothes, 320,000,000 yards of Manchester cotton cloth would be needed for one Sunday dress for each native. Naturally the pious audience cheered this great apostle of religion, civilization and cotton, particularly when he closed his speech as follows:

> There are forty millions of people beyond the gateway of the Congo, and the cotton spinners of Manchester are waiting to clothe them. Birmingham foundries are glowing with the red metal that will presently be made into ironwork for them and the trinkets that shall adorn those dusky bosoms, and the ministers of Christ are zealous to bring them, the poor benighted heathen, into the Christian fold.

Nor ought we forget here another famous scene, described by the chief actor himself, in which American imperialism depicted itself as the agent of deity. President McKinley once told "how I walked the floor of the White House night after night until midnight; and I am not ashamed to tell you, gentlemen, that I went down on my knees and prayed Almighty God for light and guidance more than one night. And one night it came to me this way—I don't know how it was, but it came." What had God revealed to the President? Why simply that the United States must take possession of the Philippines and "to educate the Filipinos and uplift and civilize and christianize them as our fellow-men for whom Christ also died."

In the light of this long tradition of imperialist humor, Mussolini's press must be read. Never in the entire history of publishing has any nation had such impossible newspapers. Not only do they carry very little news, but they have become so standardized that they are all alike. To buy one paper a day in Italy may be a waste of money, as many Italians will freely advise, but to buy two a day is like seeing the same newsreel twice in a row. And the newsreel would be one of Hearst's.

The German press is in a sorry way just now, too. But there are differences. The Frankfurter Zeitung shows important divergencies from the Voelkischer Beobachter and there is nothing in the world as low as Streicher's Der Stuermer. In Italy, however, there are no differences. It is as if all papers were buying their stuff from the same syndicate and using it exacits enemies livered. As a matter of fact this y and hope describes the situation. A bureau bi head aganda, headed by Mussolini's son-in-la supplies all papers with their chief ne items and these are reprinted word for wo

Italian newspapers have now been orde to print only six pages on week-days eight on Sundays, in order to save cellul Cellulose, you see, is used in the manufactu of explosives and must be imported. T inner sheet of these papers is given over local news, most of it of no significar

FOR all Italian papers today are noth but national propaganda sheets, plugg for war. This campaign was certainly n essary, for most Italians were not interest in the Ethiopian venture, to put it mildly They would not mind exactly if the Italia flag flew over this African country, particu larly if this would aid them in making life a bit easier. But to don one of the multi colored uniforms and to take a chance a being wounded or killed or struck down fever in the blazing African sun—that wa something else again. Italy is hot enough but did not the "grape-vine" report that about a dozen Italian soldiers died every day in Africa by sun-stroke alone? And are there not whisperings in all the villages about local lads burning with tropical fevers who had been brought home secretly to die? Of course, these papers say nothing about such matters, but then, there are lots of things the press never reports.

This disinterested and skeptical attitude of the populace had to be overcome. That's what the newspapers are for. The press began by taking a leaf out of the stand hand-book of imperialists: Ethiopia civilized, and it is Italy's mission

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This theme was played in a hundred .tions. Ethiopia has only one narrow- ge railroad and the trains do not run time. Ethiopia has but one airplane and aat is a museum piece that cannot be lifted rrom the ground. Ethiopia has only one public monument and that is a statue to Emperor Menelik. What blessings of civ- zation Mussolini could bring to these be- hted savages: trains that run on time, rplanes that drop poison gas bombs, hun- reds of statues of Mussolini, the Great Civilizer!

Remember further—and shudder a bit—that Haile Selassie's realm still harbors slavery and the slave trade. This vicious institution must be wiped out at once and Mussolini is the divine messenger bringing this blessing to the oppressed. When he has finished his work, the Ethiopians will enjoy all the blessings of Mussoliniland—sugar at 24 cents a pound, gasoline at a dollar a gallon and widespread desperate poverty.

Of course, the Lion of Judah has promised the League of Nations that he will wipe out slavery himself, but that's just a pretense. His realm is very loosely knit together; various independent chieftains still as they please; in short, it's anarchy. Now look at Italy, where everybody takes orders from one man and where law and order prevail. This is the ideal planned for the misgoverned land.

Misgoverned, however, is not nearly adequate for describing conditions in Africa. The government is thoroughly corrupt, filled with graft and extortion. Women are sold only into a life of shame and certain foreign consuls (no names mentioned) also profit by these outrageous transactions. As a matter of fact, the Negus ascended his throne by a cruel *coup d'état*. The real successor to the throne was thrown into prison and kept there for years, even chained and tortured. Incidentally, this poor prisoner had also recognized Italy's rights in Ethiopia. Why could not this African land be like Italy which never heard of a March on Rome and which permits its people freedom to choose its rulers?

Remember, further, that Ethiopia is a neighbor of Italy's in Africa. This savage land ruled by a ruthless king might at any time decide to steal part of the Somaliland. What do you say, Italian patriots? Shall we continue to be insulted in this way by an inferior people? Shall our sacred lands become the prey of greedy anarchists? Or shall we make an end and bring civilization to these savages, as ancient Rome brought light to the barbarians?

AH, ancient Rome, that opens up another theme! Italy, you know, is the heir of *Roma Eterna*. Go where you will in Italy, Dalmatia, Southern France and elsewhere, Roman remains have been excavated. In Nimes and Arles and Orange, in Rimini, Pompeii, Tivoli and above all Rome itself, the grandeur that was imperial Rome is still apparent. Imperial Rome—that's the thing! Why not use that, too, for the African war?

And so it happens that archaeology is pressed into the service of modern imperialism. Rome is again the best example. Mussolini tore down hundreds of houses in the midst of the city and brought to light the imperial fora. Right through these ancient remains, from the monster memorial to Victor Emmanuel and the Palazzo Venezia down to the Coliseum, he built a gorgeous new boulevard and called it the *Via del Impero*—Empire Road. Flood lights illumine the imperial fora and the Coliseum at night, so that the memory of ancient empire should not be forgotten even in the dark.

This sort of material is also good newspaper propaganda. Very frequently the press reports on archaeological work and its results. It is an easy matter to slip into these accounts reminders of imperial Rome and suggestions for the "modern Romans." So effective is this propaganda that even in this country Italians writing letters to the newspapers almost invariably recall the glories of ancient Rome.

Next to archaeology, sport and military demonstrations are the most approved ways of rousing patriotism and the war spirit. Every athletic contest is for the glory of Italy; every victory adds to the national honor. Similarly the military. The Ballila, mere youngsters, drill with guns and salute like regulars. They play at war games. And the press gives much space to both of these.

So much for the general preparation of the public mind. But the time came when Mussolini's imperialist plans entered their final stage. Troops were being moved to Africa together with munitions. Disputes arose with Ethiopia. Again the press stepped in to do its work. The task now was to conceal from the Italian people that there was much opposition to the African venture. Almost daily there was a section in the press entitled "Foreign Opinion." And curiously, all foreign commentators agreed that Italy's course was right, that it must go ahead with its civilizing work—all, that is, except England.

No journal was too small or insignificant to be quoted. One day it would be an obscure Arab journal, next day a local Catholic magazine, and the next a Lithuanian newspaper. The chauvinistic press of France and the Beaverbrook papers of Britain were cited almost daily.

But British opposition did disturb the war lords. So they gathered every expression of opinion against England and reprinted it, which included The Manchester Guardian's condemnation of British imperialism. One day great headlines proclaimed another stroke against the British. Some Englishmen living in Italy and doing business there signed a round robin condemning the attitude of the British government. Now there is no mystery about such documents; with a little judicious pressure they are easily obtained, but Italian newspaper readers learned once again to wonder at the impossible position taken by the British government which even the British condemned.

AMERICAN news seldom appears in the Italian press. When it does, it refers to a flood, kidnapings or gangster killings. But the non-committal answer of Secretary Hull to the plea of Haile Selassie for aid under the Kellogg Pact was hailed as an Italian victory. One day the press even proclaimed that the American minister to Ethiopia had been withdrawn in protest against the prevalence of slavery and in order not to complicate matters with Italy.

Japan, on the other hand, receives much attention. It seems that the Italian imperialists envy the Far Eastern "robber" that he was able to take Manchuria right under the nose of the League without any effective action by any nation. Now why should England or the League pick on Italy when neither did anything in the case of Japan?

Now and then attempts were made to answer certain popular objections. Some fairly realistic appraisals of imperialism must be current in Italy, that is, protest against the killing and maiming of thousands of workers merely that great capitalists can profit by taking over the best land, the mines and other natural resources. At any rate, there appeared one day all over the Square of St. Mark's in Venice a poster in which Mussolini declared that this war would be different. No profiteers would get the benefits while the workers lost their lives. Ethiopia would be a national possession and used for all the people. Almost at the same time one heard rumors everywhere that the soldiers going to Africa had been promised that whatever loot they could get in Africa would be theirs. This was to counteract the criticism that the war would profit only the mighty financial lords.

This is about the sum total of all the Italian press carries. Now and then an article against parliamentary government and in favor of fascism, much news about the doings of various Blackshirt locals, here and there reports concerning new measures to aid Italian economic life. But by and large, nothing more than propaganda for war and militarism.

Is the campaign succeeding? Hardly. To be sure, children may be seen cartooning Haile Selassie on fences, giving him a vicious and savage appearance; furthermore, everybody seems certain that there will be war in Africa and that Ethiopia will be added to Italy's possessions. But there is no great interest in the matter and a good deal of discontent instead. As for the press, there is not the least doubt that it is looked upon with the contempt it deserves and more and more people, even fascist party members, are reading the foreign press. Unfortunately, though, the papers admitted are very little better than those published in Mussoliniland.

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# *ART SECTION*

# Revolutionary Art Today

THOMAS S. WILLISON

THE modern painter who wishes to represent social reality and revolutionary struggle has far greater difficulties to overcome than the poet or novelist. These have always dealt with human beings, even when literature was most aestheticized and indifferent to social reality. The models of the self-absorbed literary artist have been writers like Proust and Joyce who, whatever their indifference or insensitiveness to large sections of society and to whole fields of human action, have a marvellously sure perception of individual feeling. The modern writer had to be attentive to the minutest variations of internal life; in his subjectivity, he was a delicate and refined observer. The great painters of the same time, men like Picasso and Matisse, on the other hand, have only the slightest interest in acting and feeling human beings. They convert the human subject into an abstruse arabesque or intense spot of color. Their human beings are faceless or expressionless, separated from each other, or bound together through deformations which negate their human character or their psychological richness; they are ultimately still-life, if the natural shapes are preserved. This reduction is not inherent in art, but in a certain style of art, a style that had an historical necessity, but not the eternal validity that is claimed for it. But even the more realistic contemporary artists have much the same character. Those who in opposition to abstract art call themselves objective painters are scrupulously objective about apples, pots, furniture, buildings, machines, mountains, nude bodies—essentially impersonal objects.

When an artist who has painted in this manner resolves to paint a momentous or moving reality, which today is the reality of class struggle and the decay of capitalism, he experiences the utmost difficulty in conceiving his new material. His whole practice of art has unfitted him for the representation of a large field, dense in meanings, with interacting, changing, differentiated human beings. He must create for the first time images of great occasions, continuities of action with gradations of feeling, the plastic equivalents of complex ideas and the realities of environment as acting on masses of people and yet as the creation of these same people. If art were simply a synthesis of form and a subject, one could say: the talented painter who has occupied himself so long with form has only to acquire the "right" content and add it to his form and he will have produced a successful art.

The artist who has gone beyond the stage of inserting into a painting, conceived entirely in terms of his original subject-matter and form, some detail that signifies, however vaguely or precisely, his new revolutionary sympathy, will seize first upon the most striking and common aspects of the world he wishes to render, just as an archaic artist draws an object in its simplest form and makes the few parts equally clear. He identifies the revolutionary struggle with the demonstration, the picket-line and the unemployed, or with obvious personifications of the capitalist class. This in itself is not a weakness; but we must confess that we still have no satisfactory, no "classic" representation of even these themes, which are so simple and so frequently attempted. In general they are rendered as spectacles; the appearance or composition of the scene predominates over its inner life, its psychological tensions and latent meanings. These do not presuppose qualities intrinsically foreign to painting; they are situations which may be realized concretely through painting, as we can judge from the dramatic and psychological values of older arts. The difficulty is not that the solutions hitherto achieved are static, but that their movement is mainly picturesque or formalistic, involving on the part of the spectator a merely complementary filling out of the suggested objects in the scene, a recognition of places and types of person, rather than an active penetration of a densely worked-out picture, with an inexhaustible richness of human relationships. But as little as one can penetrate a flat surface, so little can one penetrate a representation devoid of meanings. The purely formalistic study of older arts has blinded painters to the richness of significance in these works, a richness manifested in postures, gestures, expressions and formal devices, which are still legible, despite our ignorance of the original meaning and symbolism of the whole.

It must be pointed out, however, that the artist's experience as a "pure" painter is not altogether a hindrance in his new art. It is not merely that the old technique and developed sensitivity to colors and shapes and handling are still valid—to a certain degree these are conditioned by the underlying attitudes of the painter and may have to be changed. But there are intimate conditions of his former practice which survive in the new art in a transfigured and heightened way.

The world he now wishes to depict is too complex and many-sided to be photographed in cold blood. His view of it embraces such energies and interplay that his perception of the simplest event must embody more than meets the eye and no single scene by itself can be wholly adequate or the highest goal of his realistic imagination. He must develop, if he wishes to attain the desired intensity or comprehensiveness, formal devices which, while foreign to the snapshot appearance, are capable of widening and deepening the scope of the meanings in a representation. In this effort he maintains the tradition of conscious formal freedom established by the art of the last thirty years, but on a new plane and in a context which thoroughly transforms the original sense of this artistic independence. The revolutionary cartoon and mural exhibit this continuity of art to the highest degree; in their most realistic aspect they are much less realistic than the corresponding easel-pictures and often recall the creations of abstract art; but they are, in consequence, far more compact or extensive, pointed or thorough, in their realism.

The revolutionary artist does not find at hand an already digested material, a repertoire of traditional compositions of important subjects, like the old church pictures of the enthroned Christ, the baptism or crucifixion or the last judgment, from which he can proceed. He begins as an individual artist who must create his own themes as he created his abstractions or neutral compositions of objects. He has the whole responsibility of his conceptions. There are no formulas or prescribed rules of revolutionary painting. He is absolutely original and individual in creating this social art which binds him to a group. As a member of this group he shares a common experience and is stimulated and guided by general principles and practices which have crystallized in long struggles and constant discussion. But as an artist he requires now a courage and self-reliance of another order than his self-reliance as a pure artist. For whereas in the latter situation he judged his works in an absolutely sovereign spirit, admitting no judgment of a layman, his work now is addressed consciously to the masses as well as to artists. He does not merely desire the masses' respectful approval as a sign of his technical success; he desires their critical absorption of his work as a sign of its real effectiveness. In addressing himself consciously to a wider and more serious audience to whom the subjects of his art are their most vital experience and matters of life and death, he takes on a series of new responsibilities, practically unknown to artists in the past.

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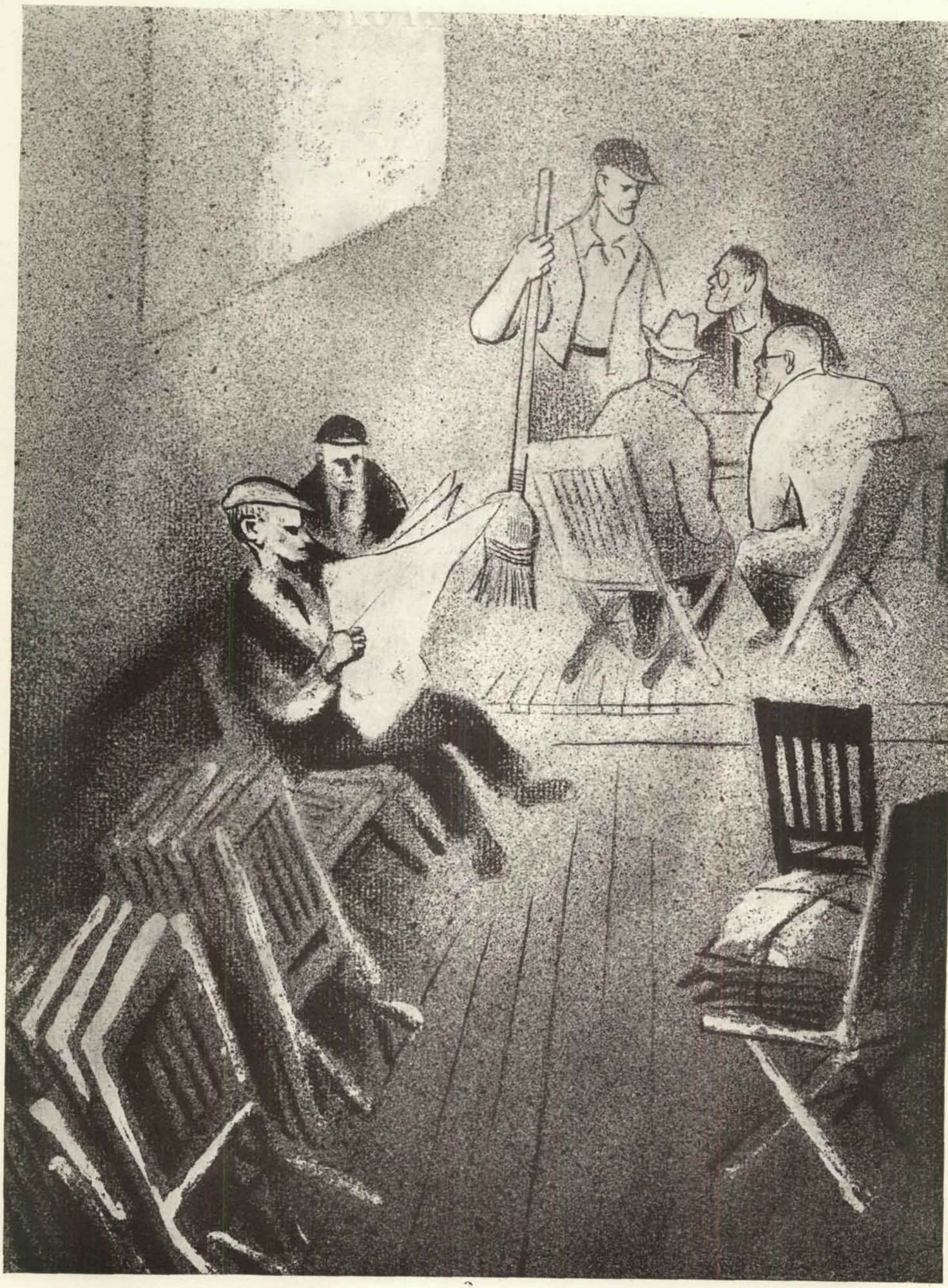

WILLIAM GROPPER

*Union Hall*

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PEGGY BACON *Pity the Blind*

SELMA FREEMAN *Strike Talk*

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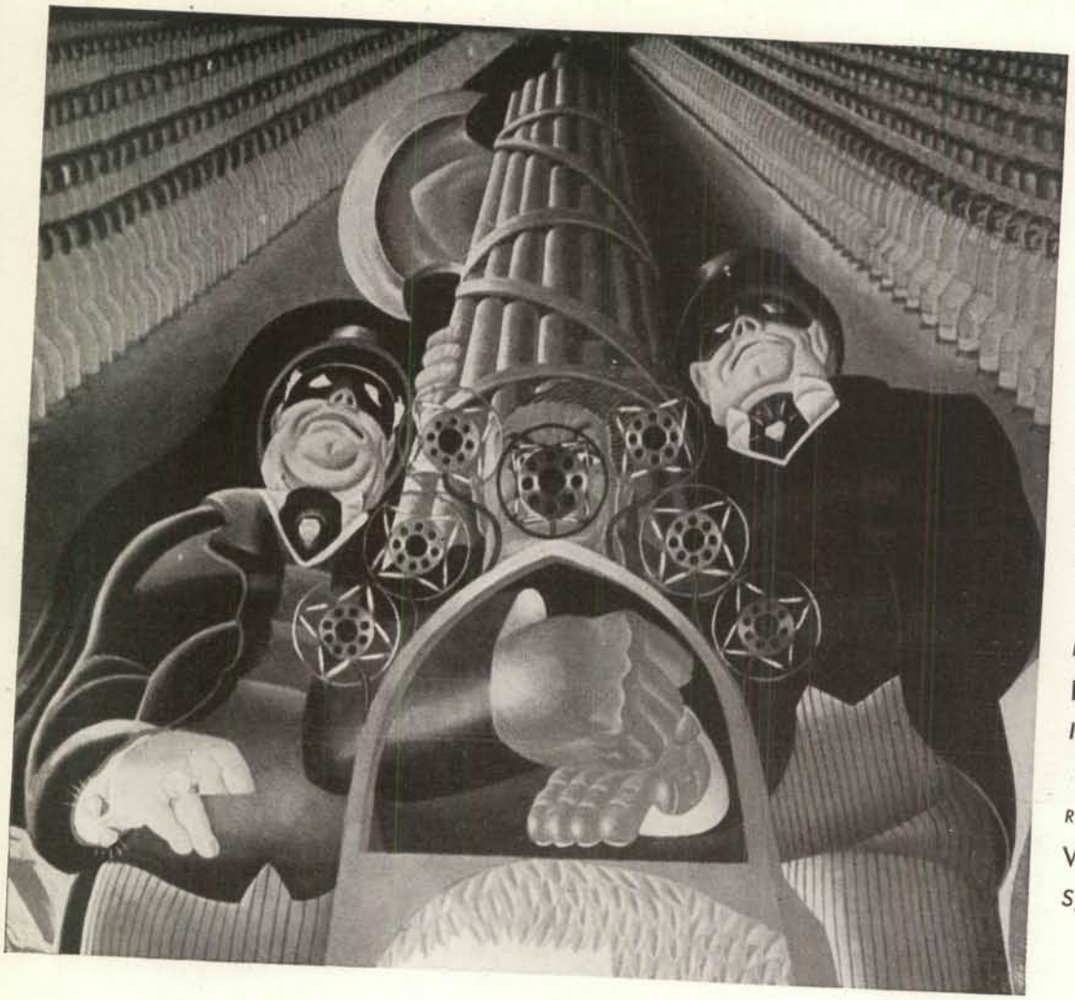


*Left*

GILBERT WILSON

*Robber Barons*

*Left below*

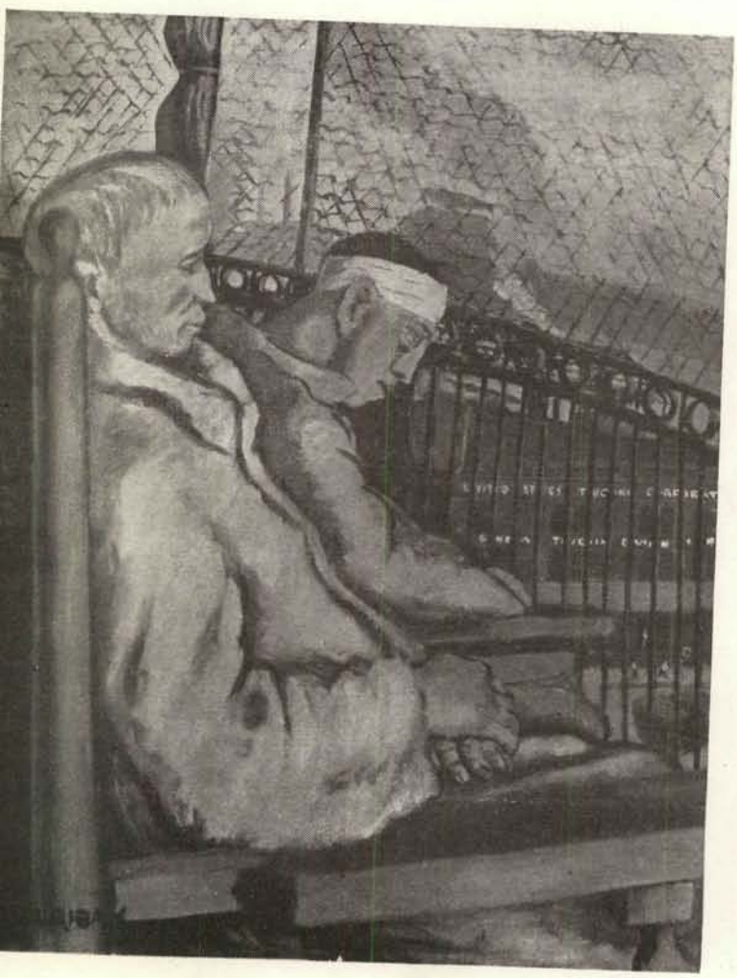
LOUIS RIBAK

*Industrial Victims*

*Right below*

WILLIAM SIEGEL

*Symbols of Fascism*



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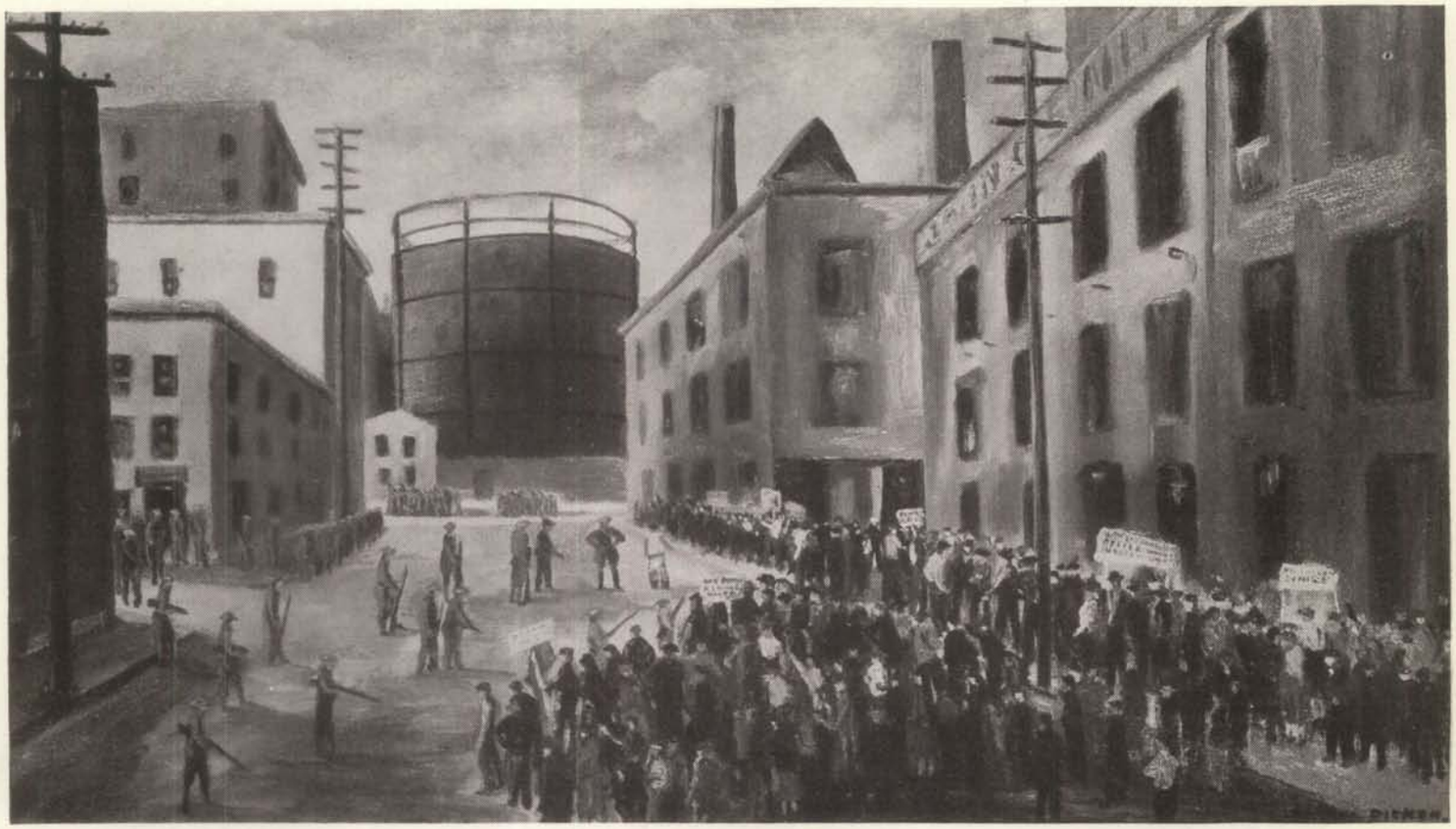
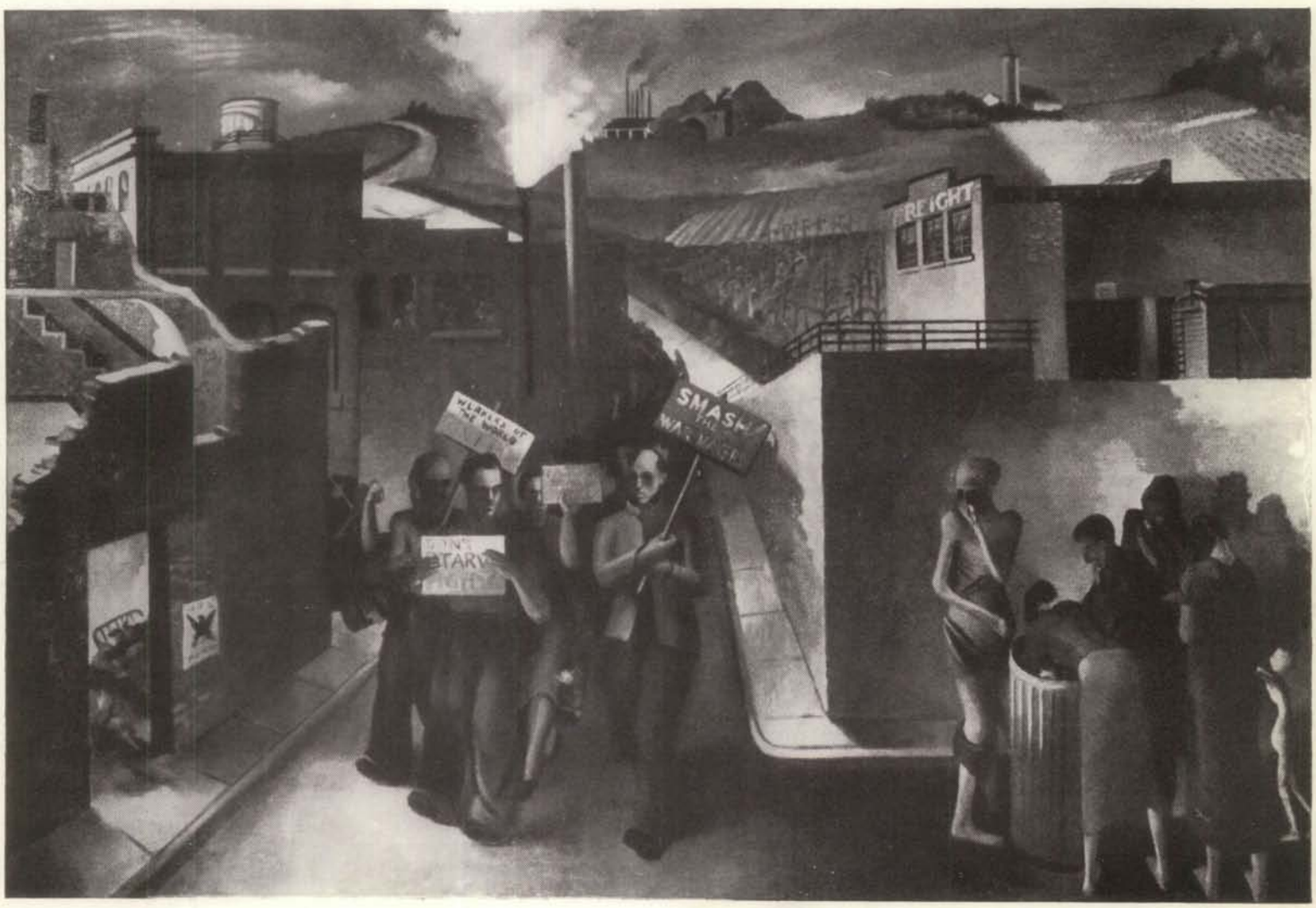


GEORGE PICKEN — *Strike*




JOE JONES — *Demonstration*

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*The Third Mortgage*

ARNOLD BLANCH

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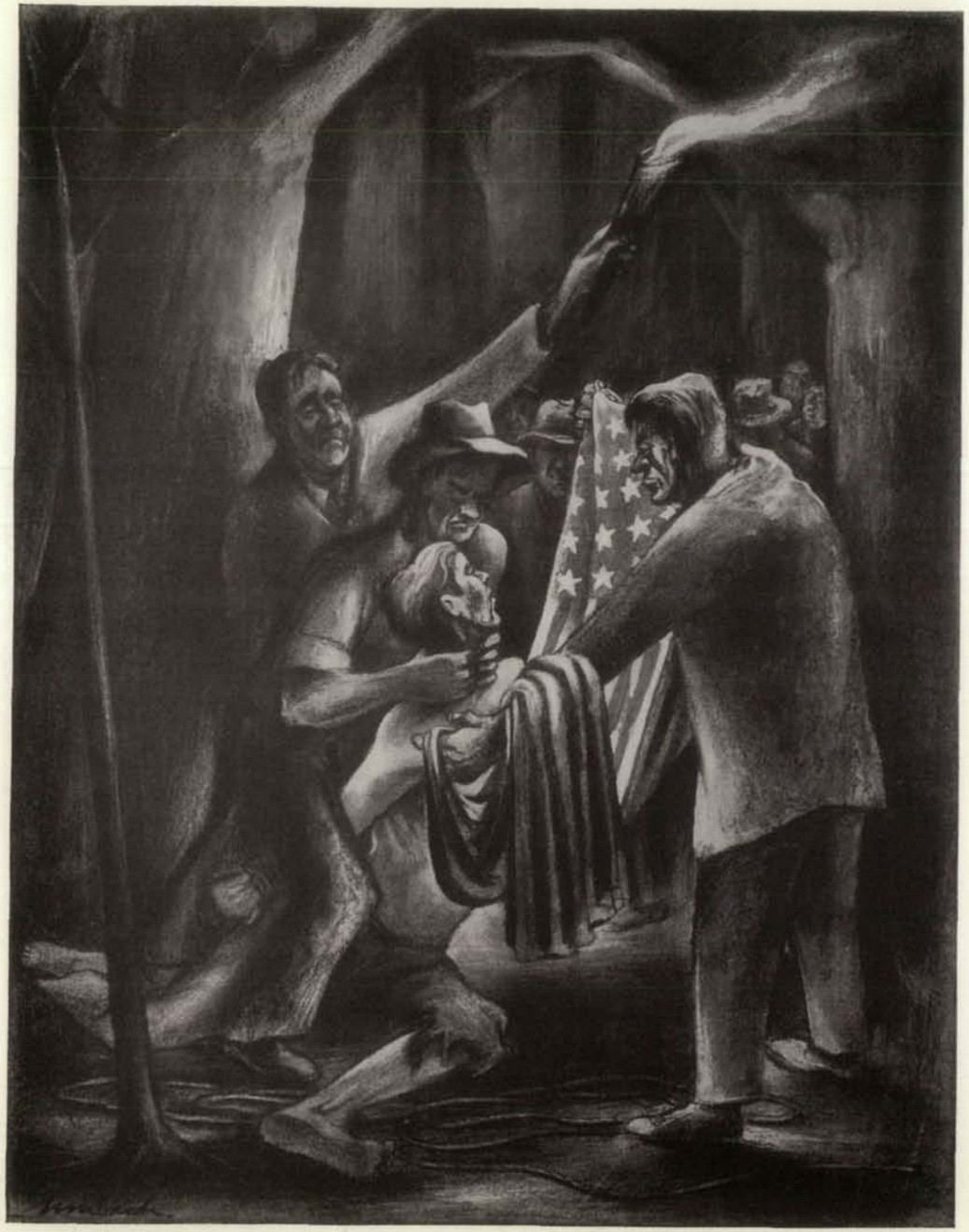

RUSSELL LIMBACH

*"Kiss that Flag"*

REGINALD MARSH

*A Box at the Metropolitan*

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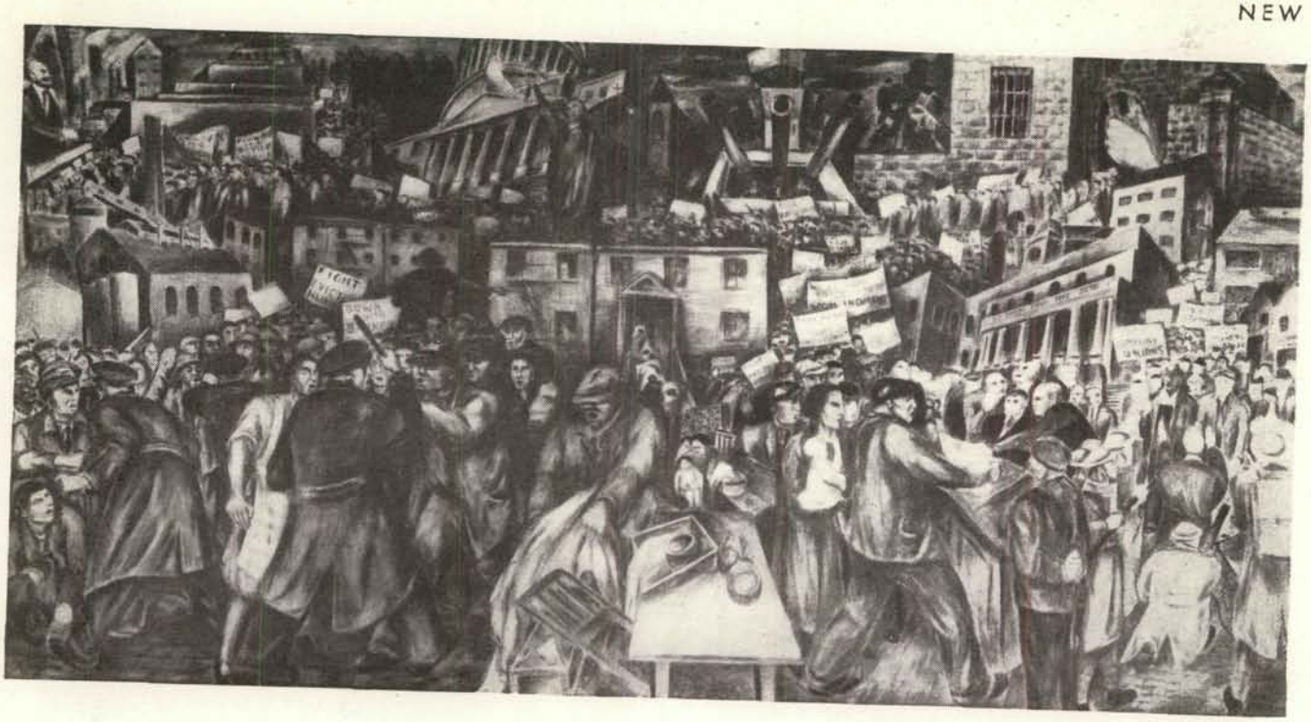

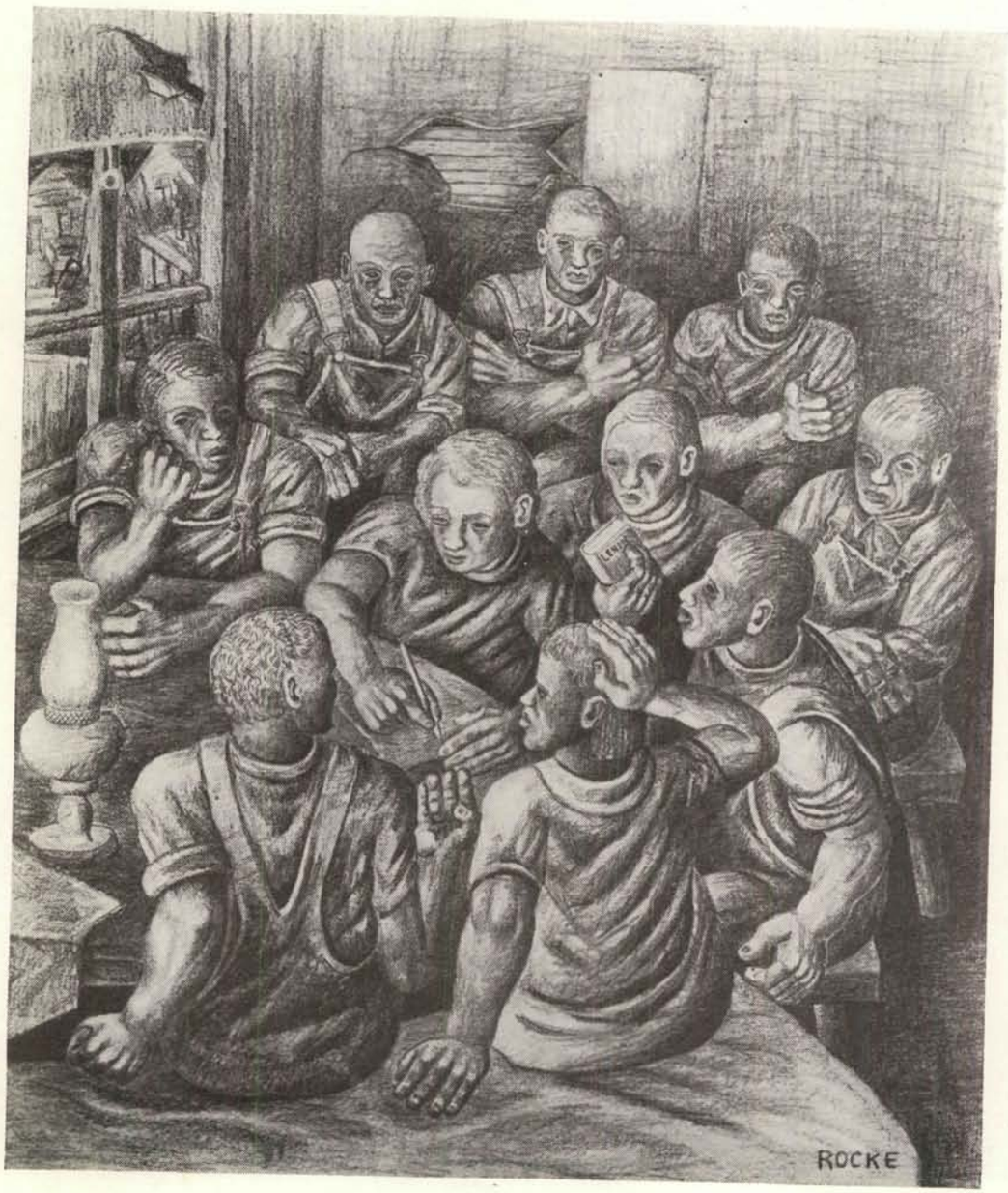


*Above*

JOSEPH VOGEL

*America*

*left*

GILBERT ROCKE

*The New Comrade*

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JACOB BURCK — *The New Deal*

LIL ADELMAN — *"Free Speech"*

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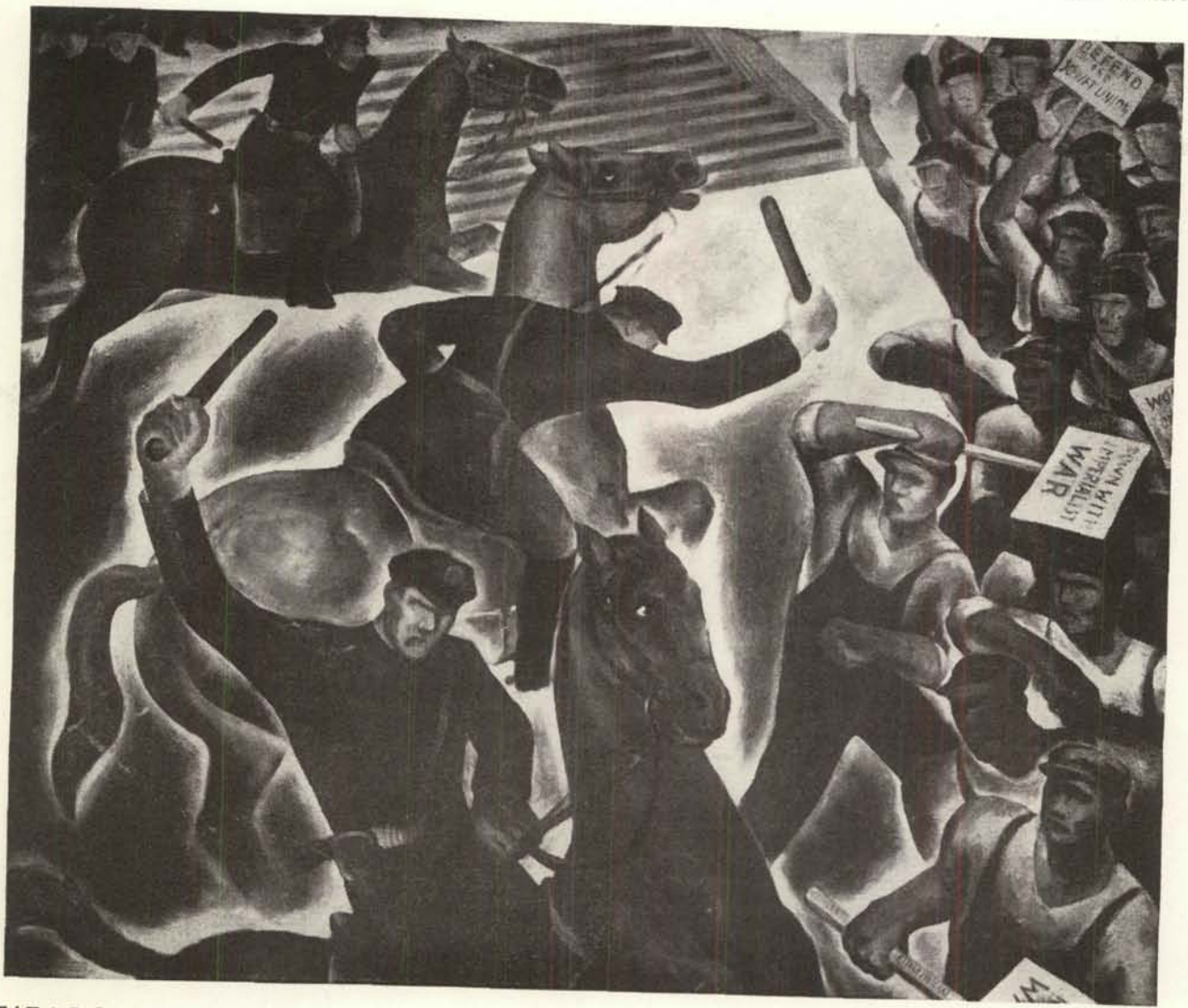
ANTON REFREGIER

*War Makers*




EITARO ISHIGAKI

*American Cossacks*

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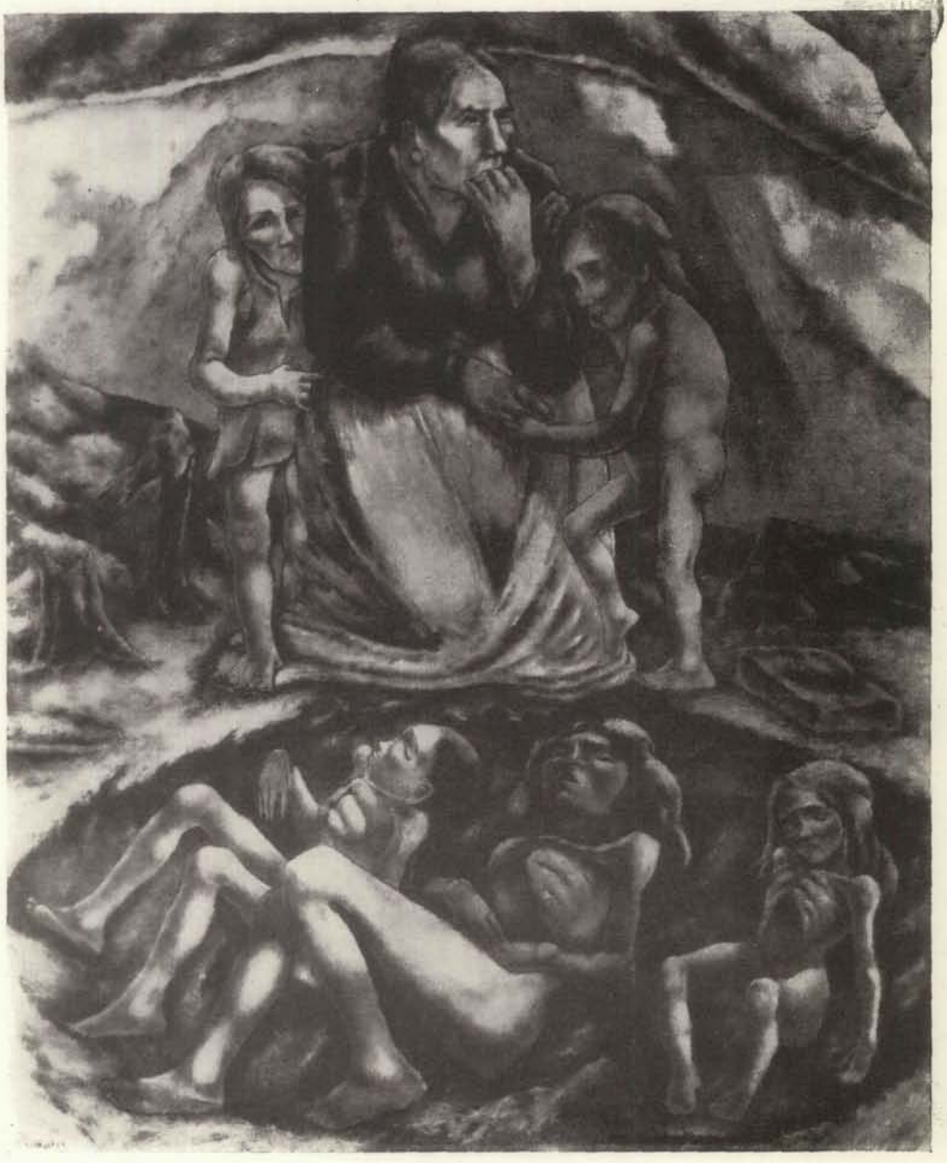
GEORGES SCHREIBER
*Family Affair*



GEORGE BIDDLE
*Starvation*

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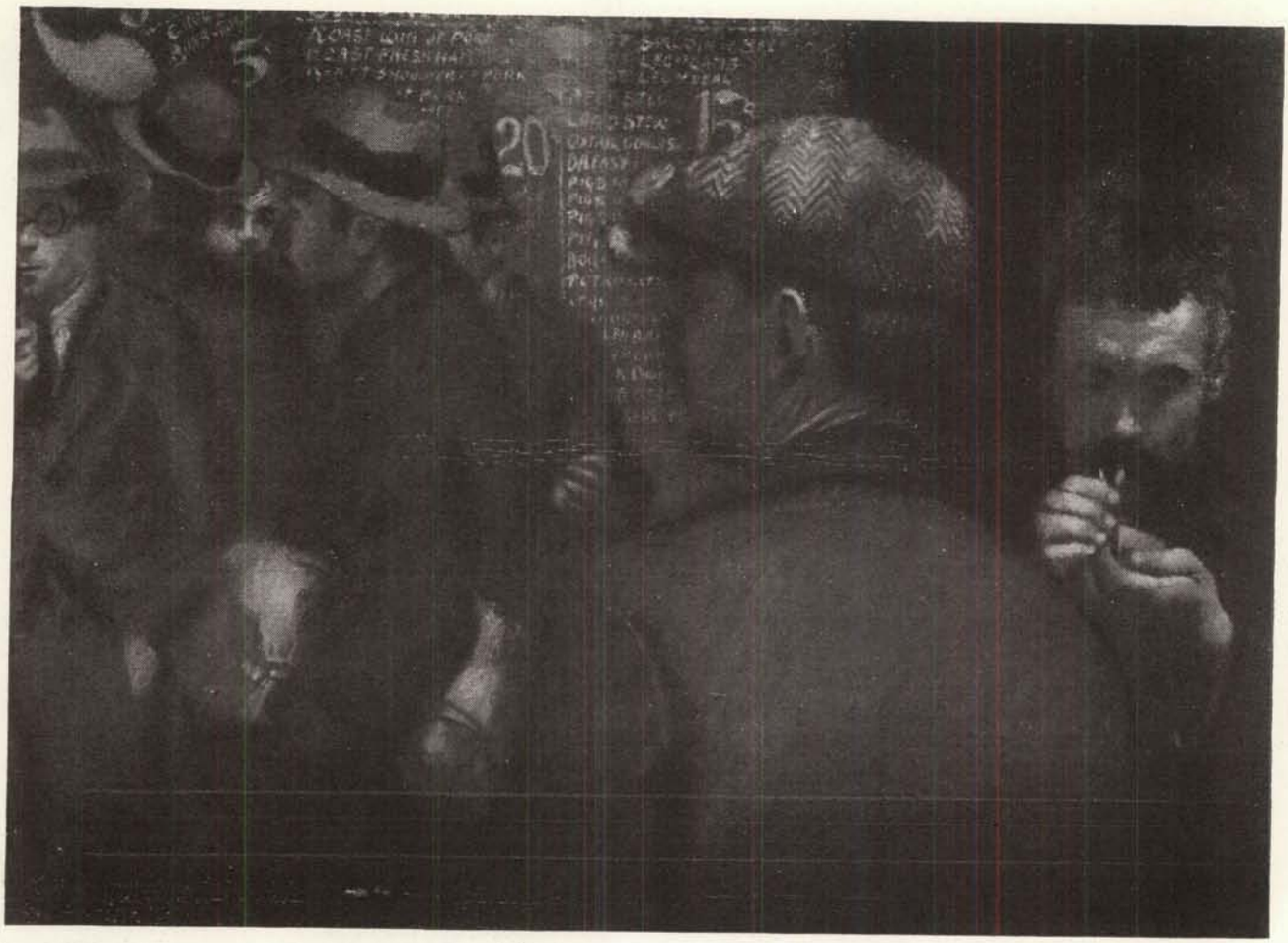

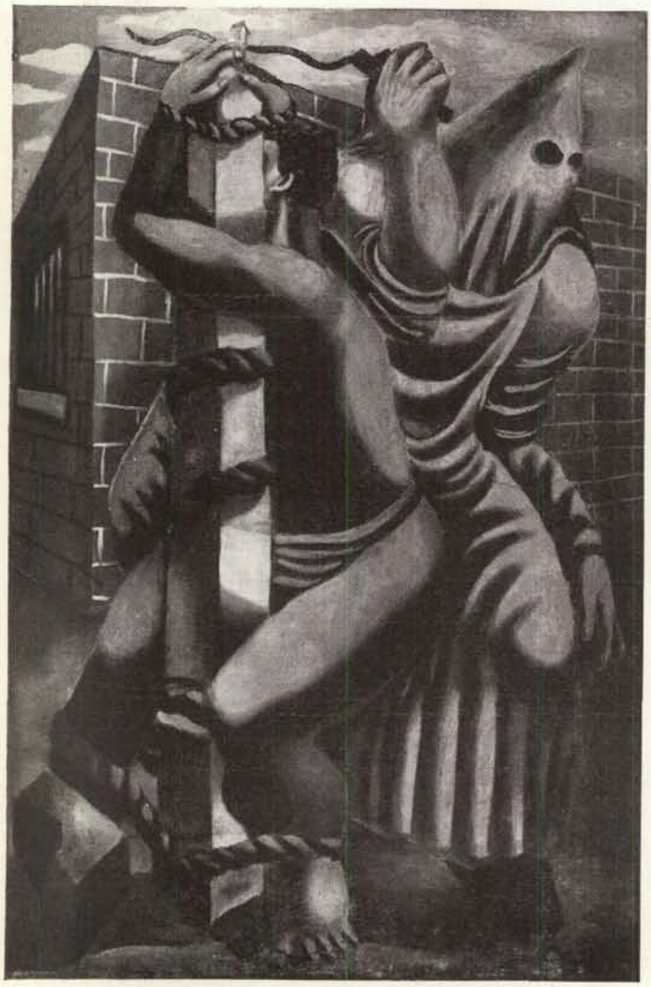

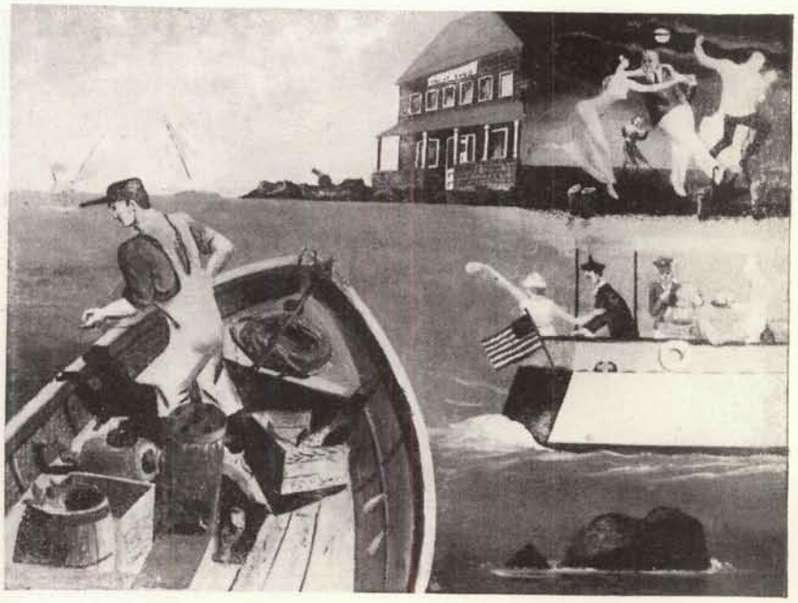

Top: RAPHAEL SOYER
*Bowery Nocturne*

Above: JIM GUY
*Two Classes*

Left: LUIS ARENAL
*Ku Klux Klan*

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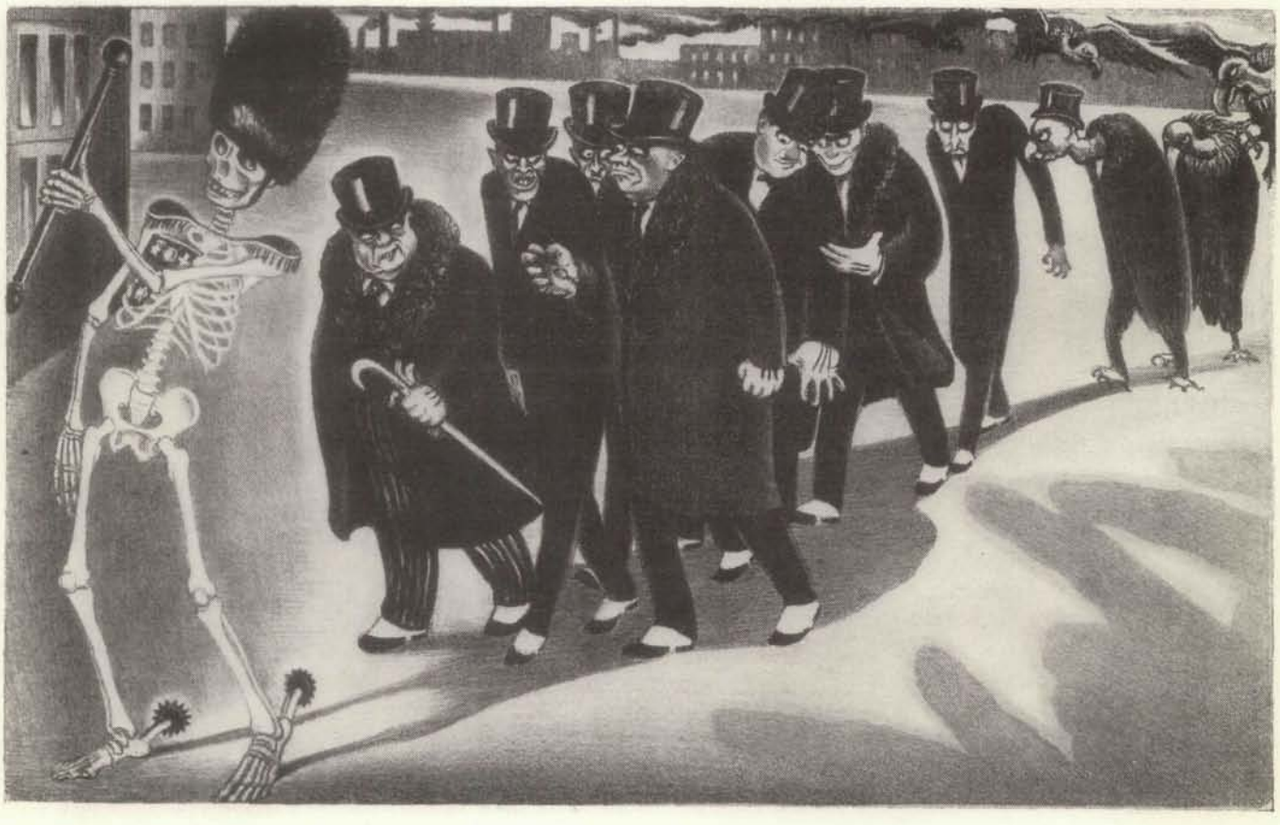
NICOLAI CIKOVSKY *East River*



MABEL DWIGHT *Merchants of Death*

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*Impasse*

ADOLF DEHN

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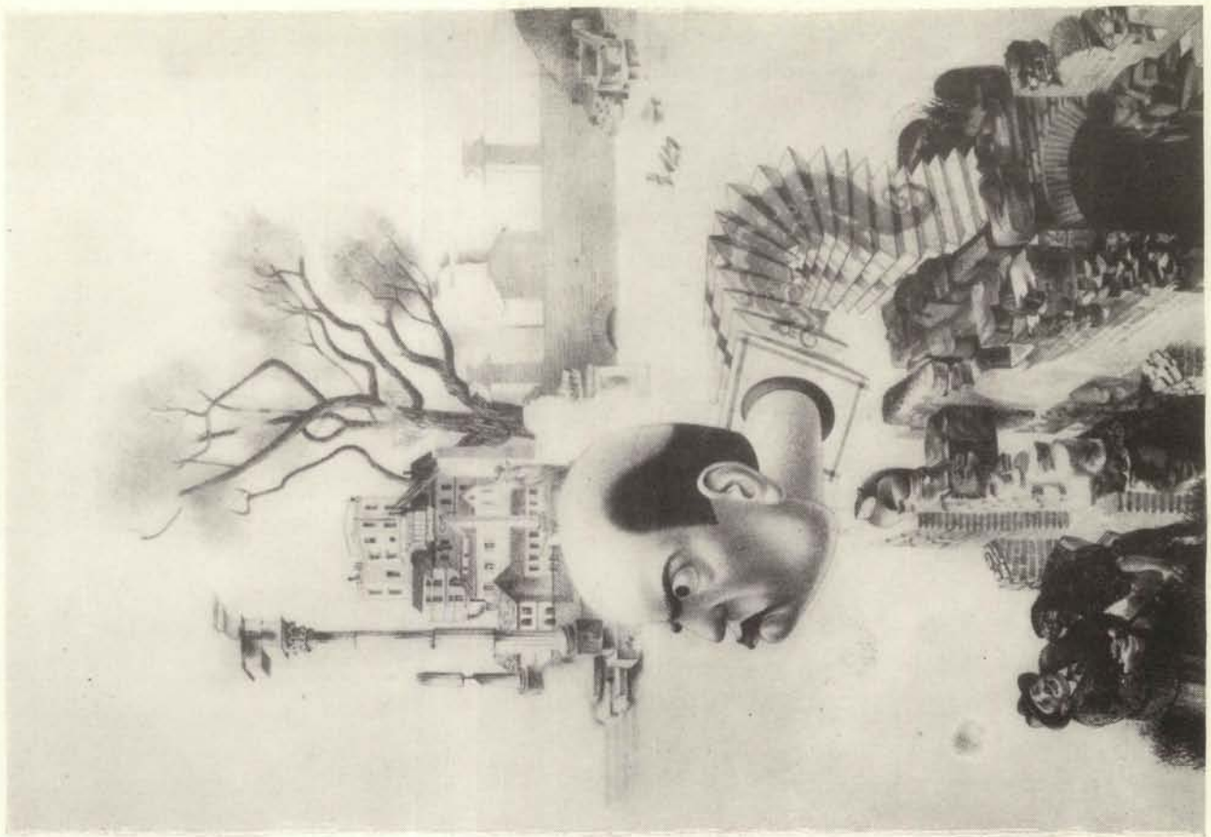
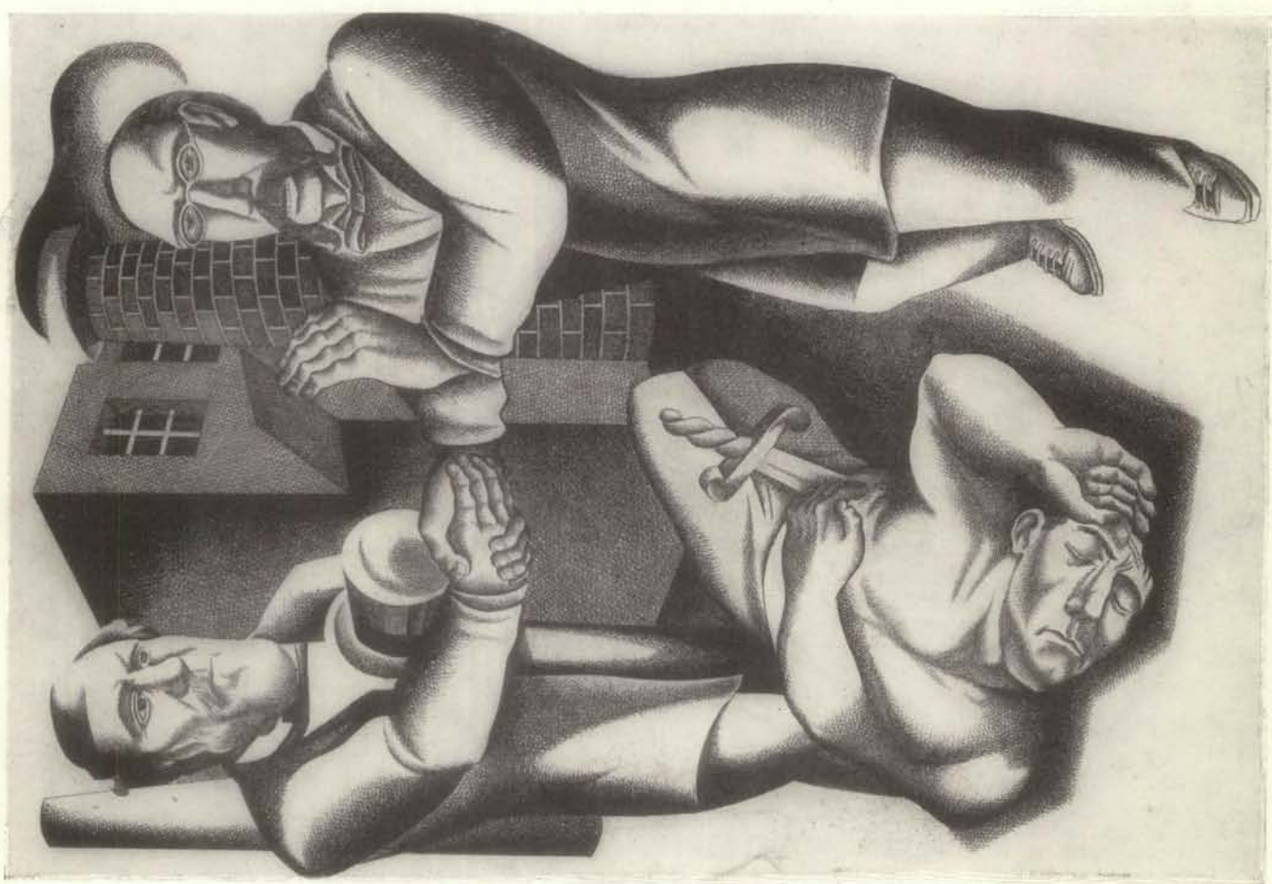


*Fascism and Ruins*

PETER BLUME



*Haymarket*

MITCHELL SIPORIN

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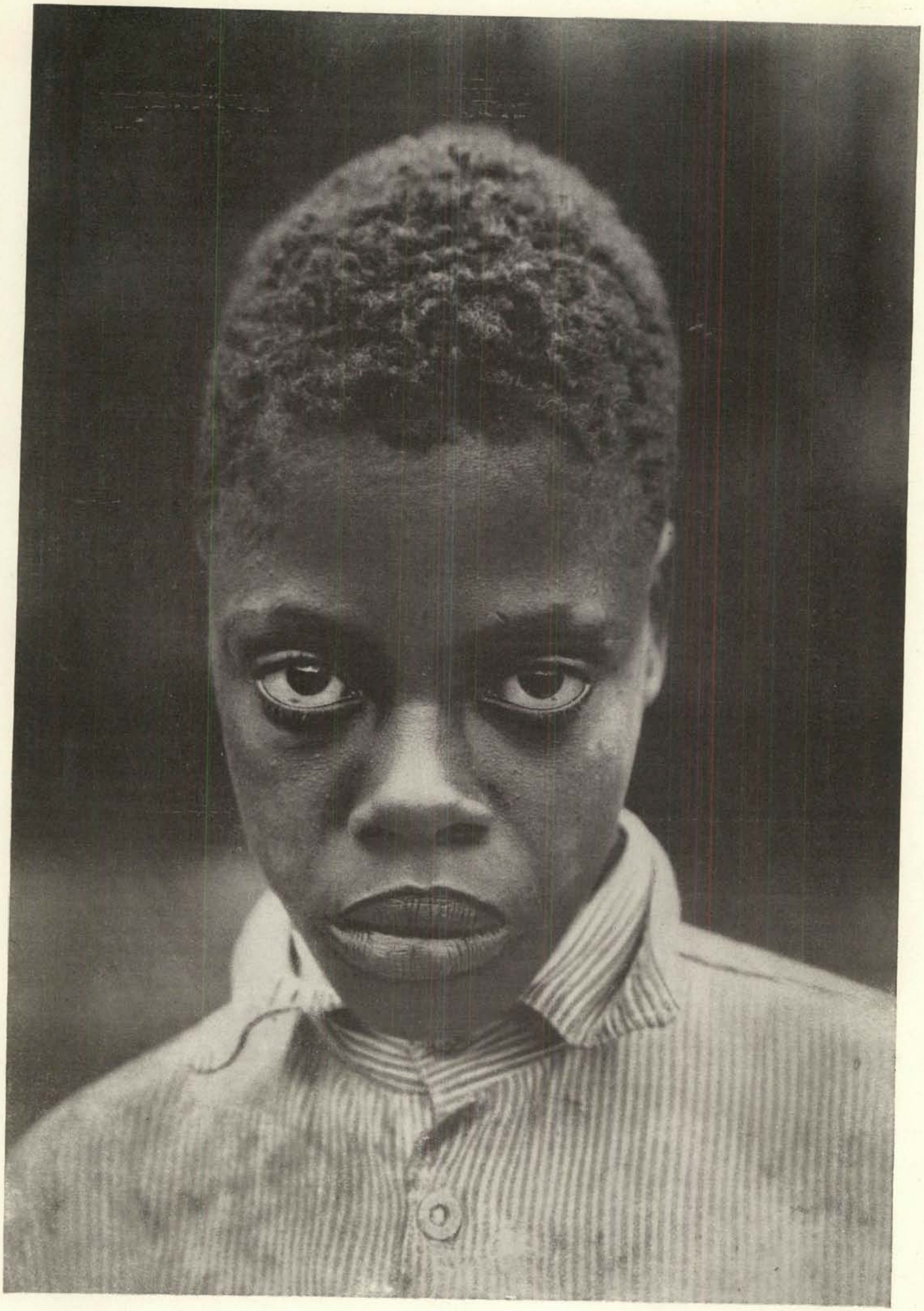

MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE

*A Young American*

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# American Artists' Congress

*The effort of American artists to create a more searching and vital cultural movement is taking on deeper significance. American artists, whose works have ever been distinguished by high creative integrity have been considerably more hampered than their fellow-workers, the writers, by the nature of their economic base. Where the writer had a vast potential audience, the artist was generally limited to creating individual objects destined to pass (if they passed at all!) into the hands of private collectors for private delectation.*

*It is not surprising, therefore, that writers began before artists to identify their aims with the interests of the broad masses of American people. But during the crisis years, influential artists have also embarked upon a sweeping revaluation of their background and their current direction. Ideological realignments have been powerfully stimulated by struggles for economic security and younger artists especially have been leading the way in effective mass action for government support through the militant Artists' Union.*

*The interaction of all these forces and the sharp conflicts that have developed as a result of reactionary efforts to stifle progressive artistic expression have thrown the entire American art world into ferment. This complex situation, intensified by the imminence of a new world war threatening universal extinction of art and artists, sets the stage for the forthcoming American Artists' Congress announced in the call printed below.*

*This congress can achieve results not merely parallel to those of the Writers' Congress held in New York this past spring. It is not only possible, but imperative that the artists build up and consolidate their ranks into an even wider front as an unwavering bulwark against the destructive forces of war and fascism. A glance at the list of signatories gives ground for believing this aim will be achieved.*—THE EDITORS.

## *Call for an American Artists' Congress*

THIS is a Call to all artists, of recognized standing in their profession, who are aware of the critical conditions existing in world culture in general and in the field of the Arts in particular. This Call is to those artists, who, conscious of the need of action, realize the necessity of collective discussion and planning, with the objective of the preservation and development of our cultural heritage. It is for those artists who realize that the cultural crisis is but a reflection of a world economic crisis and not an isolated phenomenon.

The artists are among those most affected by the world economic crisis. Their income has dwindled dangerously close to zero.

Dealers, museums and private patrons have long ceased to supply the meager support they once gave.

Government, state and municipally sponsored Art Projects are giving only temporary employment and to a small fraction of the artists.

The wage scale on these projects has been consistently below the standard set by the House Painters' Union. Present government policy on the Works Program will drive it below subsistence level.

All these attempts have failed conspicuously to provide that economic base on which creative work can be accomplished.

In addition to his economic plight, the artist must face a constant attack against his freedom of expression.

Rockefeller Center, the Museum of Modern Art, the Old Court House in St. Louis, the Coit Memorial Tower in San Francisco, the Abraham Lincoln High School, Rikers Island Penitentiary—in these and other important public and semi-public institutions suppression, censorship or actual destruction of art works has occurred.

Oaths of allegiance for teachers, investigations of colleges for radicalism, sedition bills aimed at the suppression of civil liberties, discrimination against the foreign-born, against Negroes, the reactionary Liberty League and similar organizations, Hearst journalism, etc., are daily reminders of fascist growth in the United States.

A picture of what fascism has done to living standards, to civil liberties, to workers' organizations, to science and art, the threat against the peace and security of the world, as shown in Italy and Germany, should arouse every sincere artist to action.

We artists must act. Individually we are powerless. Through collective action we can defend our interests. We must ally ourselves with all groups engaged in the common struggle against war and fascism.

There is need for an artists' organization on a nation-wide scale, which will deal with our cultural problems. The creation of such a permanent organization, which will be affiliated with kindred organizations throughout the world, is our task.

The Artists' Congress, to be held in New York City in early December, will have as its objective the formation of such an organization. Discussion at the Congress will include the following:

Fascism and War; Racial Discrimination; Preservation of Civil Liberties; Imprisonment of Revolutionary Artists and Writers; Federal, State and Municipal Art Projects; Municipal Art Gallery and Center; Federal Art Bill; Rental of Pictures; the Art Schools during the Crisis; Museum Policy in the Depression; Subject Matter in Art; Aesthetic Directions; Relations of Media and Material to Art Content; Art Criticism.

We, the undersigned artists, representing all sections of the United States, ask you to show your solidarity with us by signing this Call and by participating in the Congress.

Ivan le Loraine Albright
George Ault
Peggy Bacon
Herman Baron
A. S. Baylinson
Maurice Becker
Ahron Ben-Shmuel
Theresa Bernstein
Joseph Biel
Henry Billings
Jolan Gross Bittliheim
Lucile Blanch
Arnold Blanch
Lou Block
Peter Blume
Aaron Bohrod
Cameron Booth
Margaret Bourke-White
Ernest Brace
Edith Bronson
Alexander Brook
Sonia Gordon Brown
Jacob Burck
Paul Burlin
Paul Cadmus
Nicolai Cikovsky
John Cunningham
Lew E. Davis
Stuart Davis
Adolf Dehn
Julio de Diego
Thomas Donnelly
Aaron Douglas
Ed Dreis
Mabel Dwight
Dorothy Eisner
Charles Ellis
Ernest Fiene
Todros Geller
Hugo Gellert
Lydia Gibson
C. Adolph Glassgold
H. Glintenkamp
Aaron Goodelman
Harry Gottlieb
Waylande Gregory
Wm. Gropper
John Groth
Minna Harkavy
Bertram Hartman
Emil Holzauer
Eitaro Ishigaki
Joe Jones
Jacob Kainen
Morris Kantor
Jerome Klein
Karl Knaths
Frederic Knight
Benj. Kopman
Eve Kottgen
Edward Laning
Doris Lee
Russell Limbach
Erle Loran
Louis Lozowick
Eugene Ludins
Jack Markow
William Meyerowitz
Edward Millman
Lewis Mumford
Elizabeth Olds
Peter Paul Ott
George Picken
Walter Quirt
Anton Refregier
Boardman Robinson
Gilbert Rocke
Andree Ruellan
Saul Schary
Katherine Schmidt
Georges Schreiber
Alfred A. Sessler
Ben Shahn
William Siegel
Mitchell Siporin
David Smith
Moses Soyer
Raphael Soyer
Niles Spencer
Benton Spruance
Harry Sternberg
Jack W. Taylor
Morris Topchevsky
LeRoy Turner
Abraham Walkowitz
Lynd Ward
Louis Weiner
Charles S. Wells
Charmion von Wiegand
Gilbert Wilson
Arnold Wiltz
Caleb Winholtz
Jan Wittenber
Ann Wolfe
Art Young
Santos Zingale
Nick Ziroli

*Copies of this Call can be obtained from Stuart Davis, Secretary, Artists' Congress, 52 West 8th Street, New York City.*

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# Marching! Marching!

CLARA WEATHERWAX

HE WAS sitting on the hill, dead tired, hands between his out-stretched legs, thinking *Must be about whistle time,* noticing the sun and the movements below. Behind him the logged-off land humped into naller hills, the stumps standing up bare ıd black, forests made voiceless, without aves or life. He sat there remembering ıe way he came, the looks of the Indians, the Salish names. Quinault, Taholah, Humptulips: the Salish names puckering a mouth like a taste of sea water, lips spitting them out, strangling the sounds without patience; but the Indians said them smoothly the way gulls fly with risings and fallings.

He was trying to remember what the old nan said, the exact words. And here he iimself had run off like a damned fool. Two and a half weeks and the old goat thinking he was pumping Mario all the ime. That was it! The bastard: "Get ext to Mario. Find out what he knows. ıck his brains." And he'd be damned if he ould! It was all settled now, all finished. ete sat quiet because he was tired, but his thoughts kept jumping around, boiling *I'll tell 'im where to get off at. Who the hell does he think he is anyway? Giving me or-'ers day in day out and me taking it like a ip. No more dirty work.*

These weeks up the Quinault among the ıdians. Sure they were having a fine time, tting on the reservation all these years. They knew it was nothing but a concentration camp, the Indian agent pulling God knows what. For strangers their faces were solid as cliffs, brown, without a crack for words to come out. Even when beaten they were the same. So why not look to the sea and the sky and the land for what they could use? Never to men. But he told them a little.

Funny how it began to seem. The way hey took his words he could see them think-ng at work. It made the earth they turned ver in the small fields seem warm and heavy vith promise like a woman soon to be owned. Hunting or fishing, gathering oysters, and the women cooking in the gray board houses gray as sand with the mail order furnishings and the cheap radio in the chief's house going on the blink and nobody able to fix it like as not. But all the time they were listening, catching any words of hope even if they couldn't believe. Even when they looked soggy it was going on. The air patient with waiting, waiting for him to be gone. Behind his back, going, he could feel the small stir: speech made without the effort of speech, their eyes doing the talking nd movements resumed. They didn't trust ıim but what the hell. Maybe some time.

Why the hell should they trust him, swallow him whole *Old Man Bayliss' bastard son* he was thinking and spat out the stem of fireweed he was chewing as if it burned. *So that's it. They were thinking it all the time.* All the time he couldn't get past their still faces, their minds like walls against him. The stonelike knowledge of Old Man Bayliss, Lumber Baron Bayliss taking the trees like young maidens; his summer house and those of his rich friends skirting the lake grabbing all the best banks; his parties, his outboard motors, the noise scaring the fish from their hooks.

Old vampire Bayliss sucking the blood of his workers and smoking his lousy cigars. Wanting to pick Mario's brains before kicking him out. Getting hot under the collar about that poor guy, that Mario—a Filipino that wasn't a Filipino. Maybe part Jap or even Chinese, but just a poor guy. Not a young punk but a skilled faller any bull boss would want under him. Experienced and a guy that men cotton to. He lived across the river with the rest of his crowd; the Filipinos and stray Hindus and Chinks and Filipinos, squatters mostly, hugging the land like the smell of manure. An honest smell, honest as hell but stinking heavy in the noses of the rich motoring through to the beaches. The Filipinos and their occasional women and kids in clumsy two or one room shacks, some on stilts on the tideflats, some farther upland with dirt floors; sleeping thickly under burlap bags or any old rags they could get, visiting a common tap for water, carting slops to the river or using holes in the ground surrounded by crazy boards. Breeding and dying like rabbits.

Pete's mind followed the road to the beaches past the used-up towns, the boom towns. Farther along. Past Ocosta where the road stirred up a sight of the sea. Inland again by the lone farmhouses and their shake roofs and the handsplit rail fences. Brush or sometimes supper-smoke on the air and the gaunt people staring over their hoes at the cars roaring by. After the big bend the deserted whaling station once loomed left, its unforgettable rotten stench remembered as strong as a taste in the mouth. On its wharf, chunks of bones used to lie mountain high drawing the birds. Over Elk River, the leg of the sea, to the forks and on, turning right to Cohassett. House-party crowds overflowed the comfortable houses they called little cottages. Only clamdiggers, crabfishermen and such stayed in those things near the Tye House by the beach—the mouldy frames that the seasons of sands were engulfing, damp-smelling of sour straw ticks and old papers and brief human visits. Diggings were better at Copalis and Grayland where the weighsheds stood close to the beach, or company trucks gathered the loads of surf sacks and buckets weighty with surf-washed lolling-necked razor clams. No old-times dug at Cohassett.

*Christ but I'm tired* he was thinking, feeling the stiff pressure of the pack at his back *all in* his mind coming home to the town. Soon if he got a ride in from camp he'd be on the final hill, the big one over-looking the town. He'd see the harbor, the ships guided by tooting tugs coming and going over the bar or standing at docks to be loaded, the mill burners' solid re-meshed glow above the yards chockfull of lumber and hustling men. And farther, the mud-colored houseboats mushroomed by the banks, some on stilts, others sitting on their bottoms like mud-hens on oily water. If the wind was right maybe he'd catch the industrial hum that seemed pressed down, spread out low under the coming rain.

The signal whistle cut faintly across his consciousness, perking his attention to the logging activities far below like the pull of an invisible cord, the pattern of sounds repeating, echoing slowly in the tired vastness of space—or maybe it was echoing faintly in his mind, far-away with tiredness. From somewhere to the left he could hear a swamper at work swamping out, the ax blows regularly puncturing the air, the chopping sounds coming late and dim to the ears. Nearer, there was a groaning whisper from a fallen tree as it lost a limb; chop, chop from a bucker and the tree creaking. He could see the giant triangle made by cables. The heavy main line ran from the donkey to the spar tree and on to a great block slung to a stump half a mile away—the stump's roots straining like feet bracing against the pull. Far out on the second side of the triangle the main line was spliced to the lighter haul-back, which ran through its own block slung to another stump and so back to the donkey. The whistle punk stood in the clear on the slope, reaching again to reef on the wire. Two logs were coming in on the main line. Someone, most likely a choker setter, stood just in the bight. He was jumping now to squat behind a stiff shattered tree.

*Crazy fool,* Peter was thinking looking at the place where the man squatted with his backside showing *you want to get cut in two? Fooling around like that* watching as the logs dragged with their thick butts in air. Watching just as the main-line sling gave way, freeing the cable; not seeing the cable leap singing and then snap taut as it whipped through sixteen-inch timber like

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butter but knowing it did because the shattered tree fell with a splintering crash, settling part way out of sight by a small windfall, the unseen cable broken now, whipping like a snake beheaded. He sat forward not feeling the backward pull of the pack thinking with a kind of slow astonishment. *By God it's an accident* really saying it loud without hearing himself, without knowing he was already on his feet going downhill. Half sliding, half stumbling, his boots ripping through blackberry vines, crushing salal monkey-ferns, thighs scattering blossoms of fireweed, smashing, tearing through stiff huckleberry, jumping twist-rooted stumps, scratching bruising flesh without the nerves' knowledge, the body's whole force bent on plunging downward and surviving the plunge.

THEY kept trying to lift, straining at the tree's trunk, shoulders and hands smeary and slippery with hemlock sliminess, feet desperate in ooze. Years of someone screaming, "Timber!" the sound quivering in the air like the tree falling and the unstopped singing of the cable broken, twisting away writhing soundless now. And Mario leaping at the settled trunk, setting the rhythm: "Heave *heavy,* heave *heavy*. . . ." The whistle punk near the donkey tooting the accident—four long blasts. Men racing up to help, trying not to step on the legs sticking out from under the tree's weight. Faces pressing along the tree's flank, sweat running rivers. "Christ! He's dead if we don't get him out! Heave *heavy*" and the trunk sucking loudly but giving over, giving over. Clearing now, rolling and smashing to a new settling place, the air behind smelling of furious effort, slime, blood; the men panting. Everyone looked.

At the place where his face and head at the place where it—the top was sliced neatly off, it must have been when the cable sang. They could see the reddish ooze still slowly boiling, crawling out, see the crushed body with bone jags sticking out of the slimy shirt. Someone made violent sounds of being sick, horror like a blow in his belly, thinking *It's Tim, it might have been me not ducking in time* if he was thinking at all, making sounds of sickness and weeping. Suddenly clear came the live regular chops of the swampers, the even swish-ring of the bucksaws and other sounds from the rest of the crew working the side. Mario stood looking at nothing much, the sweat still trickling down among the warts on his face like a small sea finding the way among barnacles. Not often he made a soft clicking sound in his throat. Anyone hearing remembering it later, knew without consciousness of thinking that it was habit. He began to wipe the muck off his face. Probably he didn't notice the one who bent over Tim or hear anybody say anything, not even a choker setter say, "Hadn't we better maybe he's" and leave off talking as though what's the use, it's too late for anything anyway, he's a gonner. A couple of the men were jerking off their plaid stag shirts, pulling the sleeves inside out, looking around for two poles the right size.

It was when the stretcher was ready and they were getting Tim onto it that Mario saw Pete standing among them with his pack and blanket roll on his back, taking in Tim and everything that went on. The men talking about what would Joe do when he saw and the goddamned cable was spliced everybody knew it was spliced, and Bayliss goddamn him to hell somebody ought to kill that bastard, we ought to do something about it before we all get killed and—well, guess we better get back on the job. It seemed as though they all saw Pete about the same time. Then Mario struck him. Hard, between the eyes and he was on the ground looking up, raised somewhat unevenly on account of the pack. The men crowded, their legs close as earth about him, their faces black circles against the sky as if he were in a grave looking up.

"Get up," Mario said again. "You don't get up I beat you anyway."

Hands jerked him and he was leaning on his feet swaying a little. From here the circles were suddenly faces. None friendly. The hands let go and he fell again, the sound of blows swimming lazily in his ears. When he looked, there was Mario still standing above him: Mario built thick and short like a barrel, broad, solid with power, his hands fisted and smashing. Mario's numerous warts were blurred little mounds, the nose-holes large and black in the blunt nose. The men must have gone. No, here they were spinning and slanting, mixed up with Mario and what might be green sea and sky all dipping one way and sliding another. Queer how they all got on a ship.

"Go on," Pete said in the roaring inside his skull without being aware it was blood, not words, coming out of his mouth. "Hit me again. I don't give a goddamn if we all sink." In between seas he saw Mario swimming at him, his mouth moving like talking. What the hell was he saying? ". . . Stoolie . . . next time kill . . . fire me. I work anyway." *Stoolie, STOOLIE* things far off came close and were clearer and then went away again. He began to laugh, jerking with laughter inside himself, waiting in the quiet darkness until it was light.

While he waited work went on. The high climber set four steel plates around a spar tree for the guy lines' sharp strain. Earlier in the afternoon, before wind rose, he had topped the marked tree, riding her while she whipped. Fallers with saws and thin handled, double-bitted axes brought other trees down, guiding them to fall with the minimum breakage. The woods scaler came along to measure and figure, telling the buckers what length logs to cut. Choker setters placed cables and the tooting donkey engine dragged the logs to the cold deck near the rails, where the spar tree stood, topped by the ton-heavy block and tackle rigged by the rigging slinger. And the loaders worked like mad, highballing it worse than any other crew, rushing back and forth to the cold deck pile. Speedup, speedup. Tongmen and crane operators swung the crushing logs onto the flat cars where the loading scaler rapidly counted and measured while his punk stamped the company mark on each butt with a heavy hammer. Even engineers and firemen hardly able to joke, they were worked so hard. Pulling out before the last log was firmly in place, tearing back and forth to the main line. Here near the cold deck the most accidents happened. Here men got used up and destroyed, like matches burned briefly.

He kept lying there in his mind's darkness, as if he heard nothing although at times the air seemed churning with sound: shouts, signal whistles, brush crackling, saws whining in wood, the donkey rattling and wheezing, moving by spurts. When a tree fell the heavy shudder in the earth came like a completion of the crash and sound spread out with the vibrating pressure of a strong wind. Smells penetrated sharply the way needles prick: bruised spicy cedar cut the clear resinous odor of fir and spruce, scents of trampled fern were blotted by the musk odor of skunk cabbage growing in spongy earth near where men went to drink. Over all swam the smell of wood dust and live pitch and men working, until the quitting whistle blew to set them free.

After a while he began to sit up, painfully, weighted off balance by the pack. He swallowed, wincing. He sat staring about out of his broken face, noticing the lateness and the quietness but very likely not seeing well at all, staring in the direction of the figures getting smaller going with the stretcher, at Mario without wondering if it was Mario going with the stretcher getting smaller. "Wait," he said shouting after them. "I got to tell" and stopped. Without a doubt it was himself making that thick groggy noise. Nobody looked back. He licked his lips slowly. He must have got the taste of blood and dirt in his mouth, the taste bringing awareness of cuts and swellings, because he grimaced and spat. A bird on the log dipped its tail in surprise or fright and flew off as suddenly as falling.

IT was hard carrying Tim through the brush, going down the hill and then through the cut-off. The men took turns. There wasn't much talking, not even about Pete half-killed back there in the woods. Funny how the kid didn't even yell or put up his dukes. Acting like a fink rat the way he did he couldn't expect anybody to help him out. All the same, maybe somebody should of stuck around to see he came to enough to navigate by himself. But he got what was coming. Make him too scared to squeal again even if he is the old man's kid under the blanket.

Mario spat and blew, giving up his place at the stretcher to the next guy. Tim sure weighed something. Breathing got harder.

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Anybody that opened his mouth to spit or say something about Bayliss or Tim got an ant flying in. Seemed as though moving through the brush stirred up millions of midges and moths and the air was choked, reddish with wood dust and flying ants and their busted-off wings. So talking went slow, but when a guy looked at anybody he could see they were all thinking around pretty much the same things. One, stopping to scrape a lot of leaves and truck off the bottoms of his boots, probably thinking *I got to get me them new calks or first thing I'll slip and it'll be like Tim* and another guy likely as not jumping his mind ahead to Joe who didn't know about this yet, or thinking *Christ it'll be tough on Annie.* Maybe some. *It's like Mario says. We got to get organized, real rank-and-file organized and demand a few things. What the hell use is the Lumber Workers' Union if you don't all belong? You got to have backing to make demands* or maybe they were wondering, *What chance have we got? You tell them the cable's busted or rotten and they say splice her up and use her again. Cable's expensive they say. And you got to use the damned thing. Bum saws too. Riggings break down. Everything rotten sooner or later. Get your face mashed in or your back broke or maybe only your head cut off. I saw a guy once with his guts jerked out like a bunch of ropes. You should have seen his face, surprised kind of, before he caved in. His guts went right on wiggling like they were alive, I remember, stirring around like a mess of red and blue snakes. They managed to patch him up too, paid his hospital bill and put fifty dollars in his kick. But he's no good for work now.*

When the cook shack came in sight it was about time because Tim weighed a ton. Some of the men went ahead; the rest came on with the stretcher. Up past the cook shack and on to the bunk houses. The bull cook was standing in a door looking out, yelling something at the gang of gandy dancers just come in to wash up from work on the rails. Sounds of a rough-house came, getting clearer as they got closer. And there was a voice —rising above the stropping of a razor— telling about Paul Bunyan: "Yeah. Paul always combed his hair with a cross-cut saw and picked his teeth with a pike pole. And say; that red beard of his! You never see such a beard in all your born days. His blacksmith, Big Ole, used to take and pound each hair back into Paul's face—had to use his biggest sledge hammer. They weren't no cable-clippers in the whole woods big enough to snip 'em off." Someone went in to tell Joe, probably dressed up for a night in town, waiting for his brother, waiting for Tim. "I ever tell you how they used to pitch hunting knives? Split a twelve-foot through tree at one mile. Paul could put such an 'English' on his knife that it'd curve right around the tree, trimming off all the branches and . . ." laughing "there's the time one of his river monkeys, a whizz on the boom, tried to show him up at logrolling. That wood's punk rolled so hard the bark come clear off the log and he claimed Paul couldn't do no better. Paul, he just grinned. He threw his peavy into the river and rolled it upstream to the last town and then walked ashore on the bubbles. After that, none of. . . ." Joe's quick on his feet, quicker than Tim. Joe won the logrolling contest at the Splash last July on the Wishkah and here he comes running out of the bunkhouse. Running as though the ground heaved under his feet, looking as if he heard something he wouldn't believe. Tim is his brother. He's got nobody else.

All the way in to town, humming over the rails, Joe sat at the motor getting all there was out of it. The little old speeder clicked along. It seemed as if going fast getting somewhere might change things. Talk dribbled along somehow but nobody remembered anything much except that Joe seemed kind of out of his head.

"I'm going to kill Bayliss for this," he said not loud. Just saying it a few times whether anybody listened or argued or not. Like he'd been thinking it over and it was the only thing to say and do. "I'm going to kill him." The wind was cool on him but it hurt like fire inside. He could feel Tim's pressure against his foot and the cramped presence of men, their smells telling him when they moved. Maybe they talked or maybe it was just something going on inside him. Everything clear and sharp, yet confused and dull. Shapes and sounds and smells going like mad all in a tangle with the speeder clicking and the same thoughts over and over *Tim God Jesus Tim's dead what was it we dead we were going he's dead.*

# Correspondence

## Censorship in Boston

To The New Masses:

This weekend saw another attempt at stage censorship in Boston. The play was *Stevedore.*

Many readers will undoubtedly recall the attempted censorship of *Waiting for Lefty* last spring on the grounds of profanity. A similar back-door method was employed this time.

Six of the Negro actors in the play are E.R.A. workers. When they were cast for the play, the directors of the New Theater Group were assured by the E.R.A. dramatic director that there would be no conflict in dates between the performances of *Stevedore* and those of any E.R.A. play in which the actors might be used.

*Stevedore* opened last Monday with two weeks booked in advance with various organizations. The first-string dramatic critics were present. The first-string bloodhounds of the Red Squad were also present. Nowadays no first night can be a proper success if the cultured gentlemen of the Red Squad do not attend. And present also was the time keeper of the E.R.A. who approached every E.R.A. worker purchasing a ticket and warned him that if he entered the theater he would lose his job.

On Friday, the six E.R.A. actors were suddenly told that they had to perform in an E.R.A. play the next evening. Failure to do so would cost them their jobs. This is the first Saturday night in a year and a half that there has been a performance. Furthermore, it was a decision obviously made in deliberate violation of the understanding that there would be no conflict in dates.

The move was a clever and effective one. There is no better way to smash a theater than to interrupt a scheduled performance.

The New Theater people, however, are experienced by now. The affair hit the front pages of most of the Boston papers. And that night *Waiting for Lefty* was put on to entertain the audience while automobiles rushed the actors from the Saugus as soon as they finished their performance. *Stevedore* went on at ten-thirty and played through to the end to a large and enthusiastic audience.

What attempt will be made this week remains to be seen. The political motive behind the affair will be obvious to all who know *Stevedore.* Readers are urged to write in protest to the director of the E.R.A. in Boston. Only the most determined action will prevent these back-door methods from developing into open censorship in New York and other cities as well as in Boston.

Boston. Albert Maltz.

## "Toward the Mexican Crisis"

To The New Masses:

In your issue of September 3, 1935, I read Mr. Charles Wedger's article "Toward the Mexican Crisis." Before I go on in discussing it, let me state that I am a Mexican citizen living for the past six years in the United States and have no connection whatsoever with the Mexican government. I have neither religious nor political creed.

It is not my purpose to defend personalities; but I attempt to correct some misrepresentations Mr. Wedger made regarding our institutions. He writes: "the Mexican Revolution failed to achieve a single fundamental objective other than crushing the temporal power of the Catholic Church."

The right to strike, collective bargaining, the eight-hour working day in the industry, compensation in cash equal to three months of salary to employes who are dismissed and paid by the employer, are but a few instances of what the Revolution has accomplished. Mr. Wedger agrees that there exists in Mexico a strong labor movement. Had it not been for the complete freedom that the labor unions enjoy, such development could not exist. In comparing the liberal policy of the actual Mexican government with that of Porfirio Díaz, in whose administration the striking workers were persecuted and often shot, as still happens here in your own country, you have to agree that the Mexican Revolution has improved the condition of the working class.

Mr. Wedger also regrets the support the organized labor gave to President Cárdenas in breaking the power of Calles. Organized labor in Mexico knows well what to expect from individuals like Calles, who betrayed the revolutionary principles; hence, its support to the new president.

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It is not likely that Calles will fight because he has never fought a single battle. He owes his generalship rather to political maneuvers than to military gifts. Besides, the new Mexican army—made up chiefly of workers who fought in the revolution—does not support Calles any longer. How is Calles going to fight with no army to help him and lacking the support of the workers? He is satisfied—and has to be—with the riches he amassed during the time he governed.

With regard to General Lázaro Cárdenas, I do not think your correspondent did him justice. He (your correspondent) criticized our president for his policy of allowing the return of the political exiles and the suppression of anti-clerical agitation, failing to realize the right that all Mexicans citizens have to reside in their own country, and the right to work that everybody who lives in Mexico (foreigner as well as citizen) has. Your correspondent also states that General Cárdenas was even forced to go to the extent of legalizing the Communist Party. Unfortunately, Mr. Wedger does not say by whom President Cárdenas was forced to do so. To me, the presidential policy—allowing the exiles to return, suppressing the anti-clerical propaganda and even legalizing the Communist Party—is a wise one. That shows the desire of our government to tolerate all political, religious, as well as economic philosophies.

The article also reads: "To make matters worse for the government, the peasant, in desperation, took to seizing the land in various quarters of the country." Here Mr. Wedger shows an absolute ignorance of the Mexican laws. For everal years we have had "La Ley Agraria" (The Agrarian Law) which provides the giving of lands to the peasants who want to cultivate their own land. This is already an orderly process recognized by the law and there is no need to be "in desperation" to possess a parcel of land which enables the individual to make a living. True, the condition of the peasant is far from being entirely satisfactory; but it is not for lacking of governmental help but due to different causes.

Chicago. JUAN C. FREYRE.

## Reply by Charles Wedger

TO THE NEW MASSES:

1. As a feudal, semi-colonial and priest-ridden country, the "fundamental" objectives would most likely be—a) land for the masses; b) end of foreign imperialist exploitation; c) crushing of temporal power of Church. Mexico has never been an industrial country; the vast majority of its population are agricultural workers. This is not to minimize the importance of the gains that organized labor has made; these were indicated in my article and their significance in the present situation explained. However, Senor Freyre overestimates the "complete freedom" of the unions; their struggles against the government (after the Revolution) have always been and still are an uphill fight.

2. I don't believe that I "regretted" the support that labor gave Cárdenas when he ousted Calles; getting rid of Calles was a progressive act. Only I would regret it very much if labor continued to support Cárdenas unless he made good his promises; and I tried to show why it was unlikely that Cárdenas either would or could keep his promises.

3. No need to go into the "military gifts" of Calles since I didn't bring up the question. But as for Calles putting up a fight—early last month a plot by Callistas to assassinate Cárdenas was nipped in the bud; just a few days ago another plot by Callistas ended with pistol shots and at least two deaths on the floor of the Chamber of Deputies.

4. I didn't "criticize" the president's policy of "allowing the return of the political exiles and the suppression of anti-clerical agitation"; I merely tried to show why he did it and what it means in the present set-up.

5. The president was forced to legalize the C. P. mainly by the workers who were calling the president's bluff on his demagogy last winter. How little Cárdenas liked it can be seen by the way he permitted the C. P. headquarters to be wrecked by the Gold Shirts last March (and several Communists to be shot) and by the way in which he delayed granting postal privileges to the *Machete*, central organ of the C. P.

6. Senor Freyre seems to know all about the agrarian laws except that they haven't been enforced. When I said "seized" I meant exactly that, in defiance of the local *hacendados* and the federal government. The most striking of these incidents have occurred in the state of Puebla.

If it is true that Senor Freyre is a Mexican who has "neither religious nor political creed," then I suggest in all sincerity that he read the *Machete* in order to keep posted on the realities of the Mexican situation. C. W.

## "The World Gone Mad"

TO THE NEW MASSES:

Profound applause for Robert Forsythe's "The World Gone Mad." Unquestionably a terrific indictment of capitalism as well as an eloquent call to action, Mr. Forsythe's piece must be distributed widely. It must be read far and beyond the readers of THE NEW MASSES, beyond the membership of the American League Against War and Fascism, beyond the ever-growing numbers of militant and progressive trade unionists. It must go to the farms, to the mines, to army encampments, to the C.C.C. camps, to schools, to mills, to navy yards, etc.

Could Mr. Forsythe drop such a few words as "mendacity," "malevolent," "obscurantism," his pleading would be 100-percent effective, rather than 99.44 percent.

Even with this unfortunate, albeit infrequent, polysyllabics, his words can and must reach millions of Americans, although not all of them are as literate as NEW MASSES readers.

Though I can't afford it easily, I will contribute a dollar to the organization that will reprint "The World Gone Mad." MICHAEL BLANKFORT.

## News Leader Eulogizes Barbusse

TO THE NEW MASSES:

I would like to call to the attention of readers of NEW MASSES an editorial that appeared in The Richmond News Leader shortly after the death of Henri Barbusse, entitled "Henri Barbusse Is Dead," an editorial that reveals the typical bourgeois critic's flagrant misunderstanding of writing that combines propaganda with art.

Of Barbusse's writings the editorial states that "before the war they were poetic; after 1922 they were chaotic." It terms *Chains* a "hopelessly confused 'interpretation of history.'"

While I am not acquainted with the writings of Barbusse other than through the helpful remarks of Joseph Freeman in a recent commemorative article in THE NEW MASSES, it is fairly evident to me that the reason his writings seem "chaotic" to The News Leader after 1922 is that the great Barbusse began more vigorously and more earnestly to wield his pen in the fight against war, fascism and capitalism—the inseparable three. To the bourgeois mind an artist who interests himself in economic realities and is a protagonist of social justice, is an anomaly and his writings are mere solecisms.

Coeburn, Va. HENRY C. ROBERSON.

## Political Prisoners in Rumania

TO THE NEW MASSES:

The situation of political prisoners in Rumania is a tragic one. When arrested, they are not tried, but simply tortured to the extreme. In the Cernauti Heguranza, for example, they are kept for two or more weeks under severest physical tortures, such as being thrown into a chain net, beaten unconscious, subjected to the "windmill," electric shock, etc. If one has the chance to remain alive, after having gone through this hell, he is transferred to the "War Court of Yasi" and at last lands at the infamous "Doftano" prison.

The suffering of women is even greater than that of men. I learned from some of the prisoners the fact that forty women are being kept in a cell in which there is space enough for only three. And under the most unsanitary conditions and without any medical relief. Food given to them is not fit even for animals. Worms may be found creeping around in the so-called "Chorba" soup. Under the poor working conditions the proletariat is unable to contribute the necessary help.

Any person who is interested in Rumanian conditions should write me at 49 North 8th Street, Room 207, Philadelphia, Pa. I will be glad to tell my own experiences there and to explain what is happening in the country.

Philadelphia. LOTTA SCHILLER.

# Letters in Brief

We have received notice that an association of Consumers' Research Subscribers has been formed "by fair-minded subscribers of Consumers' Research who have been disgusted by that corporation's defense of strike-breaking activity." Subscribers who wish to participate in bringing about a satisfactory settlement of the strike may send their names to Room 1911, 104 Fifth Avenue, New York City. The association also urges that Consumers' Research be notified that nothing but quick settlement of the strike will prevent cancellation of subscriptions.

David Kinnison writes: "I enjoy THE NEW MASSES more than any other magazine and I think it is getting better." He would like comments from Joshua Kunitz, articles on economic conditions in European countries, as well as biographical studies of living American "radicals, quasi-radicals, pseudo-radicals, liberals and outright reactionaries."

Ernest Hemingway's article, "Who Murdered the Vets?" (THE NEW MASSES, Sept. 17), has been warmly praised by many readers. Among them, D. M. Jacobs of Hollywood hopes for a "permanent united front between this powerful writer and America's foremost revolutionary weekly." Another correspondent felt the piece "well-done . . . reporting from one who is in a position to write just such an episode up in a manner that will leave no question . . . that this was a frightful example of peacetime mass-murder." He adds that such reporting "is refreshing when all the capitalist journals and papers have resorted to either lies or omission of news."

The World Tourist New York Travel Bureau informs us that it is sponsoring a special sailing for those who wish to be in the Soviet Union for the eighteenth anniversary of the Revolution on November 7. J. M. Golos will conduct a party to Leningrad, Moscow and other cities. The party sails on the Aquitania October 17, returning the latter part of November.

A correspondent writes that THE NEW MASSES article "Toward the Mexican Crisis," by Charles Wedger which appeared Sept. 3, "is on the whole very clear. But it is a very grave mistake to call Lombardo Toledano a 'labor' opportunist when he is helping to weld together the Mexican masses . . . and is actively supporting the United Front."

Murray Levin, after reading the letter from Mark Miller in the Sept. 24 issue, sends a section of Langland's *Vision of Piers Plowmen* (1362) as an example of early proletarian poetry, showing "proletarian misery resulting from exploitation, a condition that remains unchanged to this day, except that it is worse:"

Mark Keats found Nancy Bedford-Jones' article "My Father Is a Liar" important to the American youth movement which he says "will become one of the most powerful forces we have in the United States fighting war and fascism." And Miss M. E. Cooks of Apoka, Fla.. writes referring to an editorial in a Florida newspaper urging a fight against the Reds. "Had I not already passed my copy to other sources, I would send it to the editor and ask him to publish 'My Father Is a Liar,' although I doubt if he would have the guts to do so for fear of his conservative advertisers."

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# REVIEW AND COMMENT

## Journalism in a New World

RARELY has there been a book less in need of an introduction and notes than this one[1]; and rarely has an introduction been more misleading and the notes more intrusive.

Mr. A. J. Cummings who writes the introduction speaks of Radek's brilliance and the encyclopedic range of his interests, both of which the reader can readily appreciate for himself after a few pages. What he adds is a curiously spiteful insinuation that runs all through his piece and constitutes an outstanding act of literary sabotage. Mr. Cummings intimates that Radek's achievement is all the more remarkable in view of the supposed impediments of Soviet censorship both direct and indirect, the implication being that therefore Radek is not to be taken completely on faith by his English-speaking audience.

Here are some of the expressions Mr. Cummings uses. "This confidence [of the Kremlin] is well justified for he rarely makes a blunder or slip in putting the official case." "He has, in fact, to the nth degree the expert journalist's peculiar sensitiveness to the subtle variations of tone in 'his master's voice.'" "Radek keeps his ear closely to the ground; and even when he seems to be writing with complete personal candor . . . you may be sure that Radek . . . knows more than approximately what is actually passing in the minds of those who direct policy from the higher altitudes."

The effect of this "introduction" is to discredit Radek in advance to present him as a witty, brilliant and clever man whose sallies are to be enjoyed, but their content not to be wholly trusted. This is so miserably unfair to so courageous and honorable a revolutionist as Radek, and to so adventurous and talented a writer, and moreover so ridiculously false to the actual conditions and spirit of Soviet culture that the reviewer can recommend to buyers of the book that they deface their copy by cutting out the introduction, whose presence is much more of a mutilation.

Concerning the notes by Alec Brown the trouble is of another order. He is well-informed and honest; but he is blurbous and gushing and industriously points out the obvious. Radek makes himself so clear and writes with such directness and informality that these butlering little notes are in the way.

The book was printed in England and imported into this country. The peculiar fatuousness of the introduction has something imperially British about it, the condescension of an imperial lion ushering in a mere literary lion.

As much as anything appearing in the book to ponder over is the sense of joyous liberty, the stimulus to free expression, the happy assent there must be in a society in which such free-ranging and penetrating commentary is possible; but all Mr. Cummings sees is skilful maneuvering. So penetrating are Radek's observations that a piece written eighteen years ago has its confirmation in today's events; in this Radek shares with other notable Marxist thinkers the use of the Marxist analysis as a method, that remarkable instrument which penetrates the opacity of history as the X-Ray penetrates the opacity of matter. But all Mr. Cummings chooses to see in this is an individual's cleverness. So real to Radek is the advent and progress of socialism, so important to him is its success that he has the courage and devotion to acknowledge an error, correct himself and prepare himself for returning usefulness as a revolutionist. But in this, again, Mr. Cummings sees merely cleverness. This Communist type of principle, this splendid Communist candor is strange to the bourgeois world. Mr. Cummings can only blink at it incredulously and then cough like all the ignorant at what is strange and inexplicable to them.

The fact is—since there is nothing else to call them—Radek's articles, one of the outstanding expressions of Soviet journalism, are a new thing in the world, like the Soviet diplomacy which bewilders the titled spies and stuffed shirts of the capitalist foreign offices. (It is significant that Radek was the author of a number of diplomatic notes, several of which are reproduced in this volume.) It has a realism, a confident frankness, a maturity that are astonishing. Readers of capitalist journalism accustomed to being kidded, wheedled, caressed or slyly informed will be startled by this fluent, vigorous, learned, impolite writing in which the customary inhibitions of the "publicist," the customary hesitations of the penman are absent. Radek assumes that his readers are adult, that they have some information, that they have the interests of live-minded people, that they are honest and can digest an honest expression of opinion, expressed in biological terms if helpful, without being forced by the process to squint.

The range of Radek's interests are all-embracing—a characteristic of Marxist thinking which is the first system in which a world vision is actually possible. His comments on America astonish us by their shrewdness; his comments on Chinese personalities and events have already been ac-

[1] *PORTRAITS AND PAMPHLETS, by Karl Radek, with an introduction of A. J. Cummings and notes by Alec Brown. Robert M. McBride.* $2.50.


# THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STORY

***An Open Letter to Consumers' Research Subscribers:***

The Board of Directors of Consumers' Research has circularized CR's subscription list with a 4000-word defense of its actions in the strike of the union of 43 CR employes now going on. In this statement the Board says that it is willing to rest the strike case with subscribers.

The strikers' union, which has purchased this space through the Strike Aid Committee (out of funds contributed by sympathetic subscribers), is equally willing that CR subscribers be the court of appeal. It believes, however, that they should know the union's side of the story. They will not find it in the Board's statement.

Among other deliberate misrepresentations and distortions to be found in that statement is the charge that the union refuses to arbitrate. Actually, the union has publicly announced its eagerness to place the strike cause before any impartial jury for settlement. And actually, Mr. Schlink and Miss Phillips (Mrs. Schlink) in the presence of four people stated that arbitration was out of the question, that "you can't arbitrate with unreasonable people."

The Board's statement makes no mention whatsoever of the very important point of Mr. Dewey Palmer's dismissal from the Board for his refusal to sign a document charging the union with "blackmail."

And all through the Board's statement runs the suggestion that the union wants to take over CR or, failing that, to break it. This is viciously untrue. The union's strongest desire is to maintain CR, keep it functioning for the purpose it was set up to discharge. One of the reasons behind the strike was that CR's labor policies, notoriously tyrannical and productive of an inexcusably high labor turnover, had arrived at a point where continued efficient work was impossible.

Plainly, the union cannot in a small advertisement adequately answer a 4-page statement; and the union is allowed, of course, no access to the subscription list.

But it is imperative that the subscribers know the whole story of the strike; know the gross fallacies and distortions in the Board's statement for what they are. A few of these have been indicated above. The union urges that all interested CR subscribers write to the Consumers' Research Strike Aid Committee. They will be sent a complete, point-by-point answer to the Board's charges. Contributions to the strike fund should be sent to:

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knowledged in the admiration of Chinese revolutionary thinkers. His remarks on the fate of science under capitalism are revealing. But he is at his best perhaps, in this collection, in his studies of political figures in which with less grace but with more vitality and decision he does portraiture that reminds one of Lytton Strachey. The important difference is that where Lytton Strachey, along with other bourgeois biographers, leaves his subject a mystery, all ending in the fashionable Freudian haze of psychotic irresponsibility, Radek leaves nothing unsolved. The portrait is clear, the figure is sometimes harsh but it is always clear in its social and economic setting. The origins, the driving motives, the course, the conclusion of a career, all are given with vivid and uncompromising clarity. Whether he writes to honor, as in his portraits of Stalin, Dzerzhinski, Rolland, Nansen, Sun Yat Sen; or to condemn as in his portraits of Woodrow Wilson, Lloyd George and Ebert, he is dominated by a prodigious lust for truth. To realize reality is his aim and he is able to achieve it.

The flaw in Radek is his carelessness. There is a magnificent abandon in his writing, but it leads him into digressions which disbalance the structure. It is perhaps the negligible vice which makes his considerable virtues possible. More probably it is sheer want of time which, in a society so creatively busy as the U.S.S.R. makes time for finish and revision seem a luxury.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

# *Economists On the Way Out*

*CONTROLLING DEPRESSIONS, by Paul H. Douglas. W. W. Norton and Company, Inc.*

*CAPITALISM AND ITS CULTURE, by Jerome Davis. Farrar and Rinehart, Inc.* $3.

*ON ECONOMIC PLANNING, Papers delivered at the Regional Study Conference of the International Industrial Relations Institute in New York, Nov., 1934. Covici, Friede.* $3.

AT A TIME when workers are striking W.P.A. projects to prevent starvation relief pay from tearing down the whole shattered fabric of American wage rates, it is significant to note that Paul Douglas has made the unemployment insurance he champions quite safe for capitalism by providing a wage-cut mechanism subtler than the W.P.A., but likewise effective. He considers the criticism —to him a damaging one—that "unemployment insurance . . . makes wage rates more rigid in a period of depression" and thus "tends to maintain wages." He meets it by the proposal that an unemployed worker be denied insurance payments if he refuses a job where the pay is "approximately equal" to the going rate even if somewhat below it. The difference would allow a certain amount of wage-cutting, "and when wages had been reduced in enough firms in this fashion, the going rate would be thereby lowered and the same process, if necessary, could begin again." (p. 266) So does the author unwittingly demonstrate the dangers, for the working class, inherent in any recession from the demand for *full* wages contained in H.R. 2827. One hardly wonders that as chairman of the "Third Party" Convention in Chicago last June he preferred not to admit Communists.

Unemployment Insurance is only one part of his scheme to mitigate depressions under capitalism. He assumes that it is desirable to retain capitalism, suggests, indeed, that labor "fundamentally wants" it. But observing the role of our financial institutions in the course of the business cycle, he proposes that the banking function be socialized. Because he sees in monopoly prices a source of excessive profit and hence of over investment, especially at a time when technological changes are cutting costs, he wishes to assure price flexibility by restoring competition wherever possible and by introducing public ownership of industries, such as the utilities, iron and steel, aluminum, etc., which tend "inherently toward monopoly." He admits, faintly, that the former move may be opposed by the bankers and the latter move by those who control existing monopolies, but, imperturbable, he trusts to a vaguely-conceived third party of workers, farmers and small business men finally to accomplish the transfer.

He plans, one gathers, a berth for himself on the board of "practical scholars" who are to inform the trade-union leadership when wages in any industry exceed or fall short of the "marginal productivity" of labor. That he should make the ancient and discredited concept of "marginal productivity" the basis for serious decisions indicates sufficiently the impractical character of the whole scheme. Even to him the scheme is apparently somewhat chimerical, for he outlines a solution for those workers who may be left unemployed if it fails. The solution is to build, in empty factories and on deserted farms, a self-sufficient scrip economy, outside the cash and credit circle, an economy, which against all reason and experience he fondly trusts will "provide the essentials of a gracious living." Incredibly naive, bound by the traditions of his academic training, Paul Douglas attempts a mechanical analysis of forces which are essentially dynamic, interpenetrating, alive. He does not begin to understand the capitalism he wishes to repair.

Jerome Davis, with less coherence but more realism, has compiled a serious indictment of capitalism, culling material from fugitive articles as well as from such voluminous sources as *Recent Social Trends,* and hearings before the Senate Committee on Banking and Currency. Outstanding is the story of the savage imperialist domination of Cuba by the Chase National Bank. The material is extensive in scope and plausibly arranged. The final paragraph of the chapter on imperialism is concise and forceful, but too often when the author leaves the shelter of his factual data and attempts interpretations and conclusions a certain weakness and hesitation becomes apparent. Most of the chapters are loosely hung, the point of view shifts and one encounters a nostalgic reversion to the terminology and concepts of Christian ethics. The author is insufficiently aware of the nature of the capitalist state and seems to suppose that capitalism might expire of itself and need not be dispatched by revolutionary struggle. (p. 501.) We must take issue with his statement that "Soviet Russia is now engaged in the process of industrializing the country at the expense of the Russian peasants." It is difficult to understand why he deplores the rise of the natural sciences and how he can credit Ford with humanitarian motives. Dissenting, at many points we must nevertheless recognize that the author has assembled in this book a substantial body of carefully documented evidence.

The papers on economic planning presented at the Regional Study Conference of the I.R.I. represent a collective effort to outline the needs and possibilities of economic planning, but exhibit too the diversity in purpose and attack characteristic of a symposium. Rose Schneiderman's placid assumption that N.R.A. code provisions were N.R.A. realities hardly stands up before the bitter testimony of workers from a few of our basic industries. David Cushman Coyle's candor is disarming when he states that the duty of a planning authority is "to ascertain and meet the desires of the effective public, with as much weighting of the scales by the authority's own preference as it can get away with," and his insistence that public works should fit "into the larger pattern of the economic and social development of the nation" is as welcome as his criticism of self-liquidating projects is incisive; but what becomes of his contention that the profit system is indispensable to a "plenty economy," when one listens to the thunderous crescendo of Ossinsky's statistics of the Second Five-Year Plan?

Maxwell Stewart's data on employment and living standards furnish proof that the working masses, particularly in Germany and Italy, are shouldering the burden of the depression. From Polakov's appraisal of unused productive capacity in the United States emerges the conclusion that "the new technique of power production as developed in the competitive society can no longer be fully utilized, due to . . . internal contradictions. . . . New economic and social relations are therefore forced upon us."

As a cogent dialectic analysis of the restrictive nature of fascist planning, the dis-

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astrous way in which it centralizes control without resolving contradictions and "organizes the loss" by imposing starvation upon the masses and diverting to war uses the plant capacity which it cannot scrap, the, first paper in the volume, by Alfons Goldschmidt, is invaluable. Unfortunately the terminology is frequently obscure and the very closeness of the reasoning makes it difficult to follow but it is rich with the historical perspective of mature scholarship. The author gives a suggestive explanation of the inherent strength of the Soviet type of planning, the type required and created by the productive forces when they can no longer be restrained within the barriers of outworn social and economic conditions. Under this type of planning alone, he convincingly demonstrates, is coordinated expansion possible.

Earl Browder's challenge to the technicians exposes clearly and succinctly the capitalist and reformist plans and delimits the functions of economic and technical experts in sketching and revolutionary workers in implementing, a plan for the full utilization of our productive capacity to raise living standards in the United States. The volume closes with Mary van Kleeck's project for such a plan and the steps proposed by a committee of technicians associated with her on this program of research.

MARIAN RUBINS DAVIS.

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# *There Can Be Laughter*

*RUSSIA LAUGHS, by Mikhail Zostchenko. Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company. $2.*

SOMEONE sometime is going to draw an interesting parallel between the American West of fifty years ago and Russia of the present day. They have at least this in common: plenty to do, hardship and hope. And maybe too the Russian nowadays thinks as we used to that "One feller is as good as another one and a damn sight better."

Anyway a westerner who has experienced a little of the belly humor of harvest hands eating in a cook shack feels strangely at home watching the scene in *Peasants* where the boys heroically overeat. And Zostchenko is something like Mark Twain.

There is the same shy and bitter distrust of heroics and a similar power in putting pomposity in its place. These writers both display a self confidence that may be due to general cussedness and perhaps also to wide popularity, for Zostchenko is known as the leading Soviet humorist. They have the same large awareness, but the Russian can soften at times, as Mark Twain never dared to do and that is because awareness in the U.S.S.R. means hope, whereas any large measure of it during the "gilded age" meant despair.

Quoting from the first story in the volume:

> How gay and attractive this future life. . . . If one eliminates from life all monetary calculations and selfish motives, into what astounding forms will life shape itself! For instance, love! Into what sumptuous flower will blossom that most delightful of emotions!
>
> What a life that will be! What a life! With what sweet joy the author contemplates it, even at this distance and without the slightest guarantee of ever attaining it! . . . Let us take—love.
>
> Of that one should speak separately. There are many learned men, even belonging to the party, who are generally inclined to abase that feeling. "Excuse us," they will say "love? There is no love. And there never was. And, on the whole, it's just one of those common acts, like funerals, for instance."
>
> With this the author cannot agree.
>
> . . . when the author simply does not want to lie and has no reason to lie; when, finally, the author wants to see life as it is, without falsehoods or embellishments, he still admits, without fear of appearing a ridiculous being of some past century, that the learned and party circles are mistaken on this account.

Most of the short stories in this volume are very short and they have a quality that is rare in contemporary short stories: they can be told. After reading the volume you start telling the stories because they are easy to tell and interesting to hear. In other words they have the authenticity of those little narratives which float about in conversation—the stuff of which folk-lore as well as classical literature is made.

We can assume that something of the flavor of these stories is lost in translation, although the English of Helena Clayton, the translator, is clear and simple. The essential strength of the material however would break through even a bad translation.

"I write of the middle class," Zostchenko says, "and I consider that material will last me for the rest of my life.

"For whom do I write?

"I write, at least I have the desire to write, for the masses of Soviet readers.

"And the whole difficulty of my work has principally been this—to learn to write in a manner that is comprehensible to all. I had to work hard on my language for that purpose . . . to simplify the form of the story, making use of a discredited form and of the traditions of unpretentious literature."

Those who still have doubts about the freedom of the artist in Russia should read this volume for information as well as amusement. Here is a picture of the hardships that Russian people have gone through and are still going through and an account of human stupidity that is none the less effective because it is funny. But these short stories prove more than a freedom from censorship; they prove a freedom for the artist to be himself, to relax, to think and dream what he pleases—a freedom that is impossible for the sincere artist in America so long as the bloody threat of fascism hangs over our heads.

But the real reason for reading Zostchenko is not to learn about Russia or artistic freedom or anything else, but simply to laugh. The fellow is honest-to-god funny, not in any mystical or exotic or sophisticated sense, but in the sense that Charlie Chaplin was funny, or Ring Lardner or even Bill Nye. He is funny and to most readers that is the important thing. These other matters will take care of themselves.

WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM.

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# Turmoil in the Middle Ground

*PITTSBURGH MEMORANDA, by Haniel Long. Writers' Editions. Santa Fe. $2.50.*

*IDEAS OF ORDER, by Wallace Stevens. Alcestis Press. $7.50.*

AMONG the handful of clichés which have crept into left-wing criticism is the notion that contemporary poets—excepting those on the left and extreme right—have all tramped off to some escapist limbo where they are joyously gathering moonshine. That such an idiot's paradise has existed no one can deny; but today the significant middle-ground poets are laboring elsewhere. And the significant trend is being marked by such writers as Wallace Stevens and Haniel Long: poets whose artistic statures have long been recognized, whose latest books (issued in middle age) form a considered record of agitated attitudes toward the present social order. Like all impressive phenomena of the middle ground, *Pittsburgh Memoranda* and *Ideas of Order* show troubled, searching minds.

As a matter of record Haniel Long has been struggling for a "solution" ever since his singular stories and poems appeared in the liberal magazines a dozen years ago. Frankly mythological but clearly rooted in the industrial present, these bizarre pieces signified both a great deal and nearly nothing until *Notes for a New Mythology (1926)*—of which *Pittsburgh Memoranda* is a continuation—gathered them into a meaningful whole. Here was the testament of a mind fed on classic philosophy, Unanimism, feudal romance, the Irish mystics, German romantics, Whitman fraternalism and Amerindian art trying to make truce with the chaotic barbarism of the civilization in which he lived: Pittsburgh. To him this microcosm of world industrialism was a fabric of magnificent promise as well as sporadic fulfilment, but there were streaks of blood across the patterns, blood from the daily industrial struggle. Thus forced to reconcile facts with his philosophy of fraternalism, he super-imposed upon the immediate chaos a complex floral design of its imagined future. He was cynically aware of big-business charlatanry and political corruption; but although he did not cover his eyes and rhapsodize, he did something equally unreal: placed full trust in the capacity of the human imagination to erase evil. And he *wished* the present hideousness into a gorgeous future.

> The story of how Pittsburgh returned to the jungle may or may not have a moral, but it is a curious example of the effect of legislation on a modern city. One spring a millionaire nurseryman, lobbying for his private gain, and in league with a manufacturer of window boxes, was clever enough to attach to a piece of legislation, a rider which had nothing to do with the measure in question and which favored abundantly his own business.

Pittsburgh is overrun with horticulture, becomes a "city of ravines and gulches;" desperate competing corporations put the millionaire on the spot, only to have him become in time a martyr and saint and in this far-flung future Pittsburgh is sung by "the poets of Louisiana" as the "city of unfading flowers."

There are almost enough anti-capitalist innuendoes to make the reader suspect that Long had by no means made a satisfactory philosophical adjustment; in fact, the whole book at times has the grin of satire. He was, at that time, I believe, a Socialist and although politics and art infrequently mixed in American books of the 'twenties, he had already begun a gigantic poem on the same social theme, which was to occupy him for twenty years. Originally projected as a blank verse of epic breadth, it shot up and withered in a variety of growths, until its final form comes as a group of eleven prose and verse fragments characterized as "memoranda."

It is a bewildering document in many ways. Long undeniably feels Pittsburgh as part of his blood and bone and brain, but the people who carry this city on their backs are abstract masses of humanity. He loves the colors and shapes of Pittsburgh as if he had designed them with his own hands: intimate attachment which leads him to blur by a kind of transcendental humanitarianism what starts out to be a bitter exposure of social filth. Now, it is manifestly impossible to analyze the complex corruptions and miseries of such a phenomenon as Pittsburgh without some feeling for class antagonisms—they are painted on the houses of every street, there is scarcely a human habitat more obviously stratified into economic classes. But Long insists on "understanding" Pittsburgh as the joint handiwork of all classes. It is a horrific evil nurtured and condoned by humanity as a whole for which humanity as a whole is responsible, and must cure—the work of nightmare in the race dream. Hence, "courage to us, who fight not Indians but insanity."

The book covers roughly fifty years, beginning with the Homestead strike and concluding with 1935, with chapters on Stephen Foster, Carnegie, Westinghouse, Henry George, Pittsburgh youth killed in the war, Duse in Pittsburgh, etc.

> Our memories though sown of blood and death
> are humid with the roots of a fresh life. . . .
> Can an oak tree be full grown by the seventh day?
> The great new sun, the sun of our life together,
> is hardly yet at rising; we are men
> peering about us in the dark of dawn.

And the nature of this new day:

> It grows too clear how personal life
> destroys its pattern; understanding this,
> delight throbs in our blood, and in the mind
> a new hope blooms, up from the ageless marrow
> which rules our life and which we cannot rule.

Innumerable passages emphasize that this new phase of the race dream is some form of collectivism; but he does not stop with pointing the goal: he writes propaganda for a method of action:

> We only grow
> by answering to the eternal, and then answering
> with something of the eternal to ourselves. . . .
> How then: what theory of the State can save us,
> if we must change the worst within ourselves?

NEW MASSES readers will wonder, with this reviewer, why Long does not recognize that "the worst within ourselves" is the product of economic states which must be eradicated before we can hope for any inner human perfection. If mankind's fulfilment is his supreme desire, where else can he turn to for real hope except Marxism?

But no one will read this book as a guide to action, particularly readers familiar with Long's body of verse which includes some of the finest lyrics of the last decades, among them an unsurpassed translation (from *La Gioconda.*) Unlike certain much-esteemed poets, he does not seek startling images that make one momentarily unaware of the unhealed points of juncture. Free from the scars of false graftings, his best prose and verse has the organization of a plant flowing up from the ground. And this quality helps to explain the truly amazing grip which *Pittsburgh Memoranda* takes on the reader's attention even though he squirms at occasional bathos (pp. 57, 58, 63) and hungers for proletarian feeling in passages noisome with humanitarian vagueness. There is too much sheer excellence to let one stop reading. The prose moves with tempos so surely modulated that the mood passes easily from irony to reflection, from tenderness to arraignment. But the chief importance of this book as art is structural. Long attempts a politico-social analysis not by anatomizing distinctions (the method of logic) but by perceiving beneath the surface of disparate material elements bearing a basic kinship. Thus he makes use of all sorts of things—statistics, news-reports, fragments of verse, stories, quotations, judgments—and he builds them into mosaics that image the hope of a collective order.

Confused as it is, *Pittsburgh Memoranda* is a marvel of order alongside Wallace Stevens' volume; and yet to many readers it is something of a miracle that Stevens has at all bothered to give us his *Ideas of Order*. When *Harmonium* appeared a dozen years ago Stevens was at once set down as an incomparable verbal musician. But nobody stopped to ask if he had any ideas. It was tacitly assumed that one read him for pure poetic sensation; if he had "a message" it was carefully buried and would take no end of labor to exhume. Yet he often comes out with flat judgments and certain ideas weave through the book consistently.

> The magnificent cause of being,
> The imagination, the one reality
> In this imagined world

underlies a number of poems. Realists have been bitter at the inanity of Pope's "whatever is is right," but Stevens plunges ahead to the final insolence: "For realists, what is is

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what should be." And yet it is hard to know if such a line is not Stevens posing in self-mockery. One can rarely speak surely of Stevens' ideas.

But certain general convictions he admits in such a poem as "To the One of Fictive Music." Bound up with the sovereignty of the imagination is his belief in an interfusion of music among the elements and man. And "music is feeling . . . not sound." This trinity of principles makes the business of living to him a matter of searching out the specific harmonies.

*Harmonium,* then, is mainly sense poetry, but not as Keats' is sense poetry because this serener poet is not driven to suffuse sensuous imagery with powerful subjective emotions. This is "scientific," objectified sensuousness separated from its kernel of fire and allowed to settle, cool off and harden in the poet's mind until it emerges a strange amazing crystal. Reading this poetry becomes a venture in crystallography. It is remembered for its curious humor, its brightness, words and phrases that one rolls on the tongue. It is the kind of verse that people concerned with the murderous world collapse can hardly swallow today except in tiny doses.

And it is verse that Stevens can no longer write. His harmonious cosmos is suddenly screeching with confusion. *Ideas of Order* is the record of a man who, having lost his footing, now scrambles to stand up and keep his balance. The opening poem observes

> . . . This heavy historical sail
> Through the mustiest blue of the lake
> In a really vertiginous boat
> Is wholly the vapidest fake. . . .

And the rest follows with all the ironical logic of such a premise. The "sudden mobs of men" may have the answer

> But what are radiant reason and radiant will
> To warblings early in the hilarious trees. . . .

Sceptical of man's desire in general, there is still much to be said for the ordering power of the imagination. But there remains a yearning— and escape is itself an irony. "Marx has ruined Nature, for the moment," he observes in self-mockery; but he can speculate on the wisdom of turning inward (*vide* Long), and a moment later look upon collective mankind as the guilty bungler of harmonious life, in "a peanut parody for a peanut people." What answer is there in the cosmic law—"everything falls back to coldness"? With apparent earnestness he goes a step beyond his former nature-man interfusing harmony:

> Only we two are one, not you and night,
> Nor night and I, but you and I, alone,
> So much alone, so deeply by ourselves,
> So far beyond the casual solitudes,
> That night is only the background of our selves. . .

And in a long poem he pours out in strange confusion his ideas of order, among them

> If ever the search for a tranquil belief should end,
> The future might stop emerging out of the past,
> Out of what is full of us; yet the search
> And the future emerging out of us seem to be one.

Paraphrase, always a treacherous tool, is especially dangerous when used on so *raffiné* a poet as Stevens. Does he talk of himself when he explains that the "purple bird must have notes for his comfort that he may repeat through the gross tedium of being rare?" Does he make political reference in declaring "the union of the weakest develops strength, not wisdom?"

Asking questions may not be a reviewer's function, but uncertainties are unavoidable when reading such poets as the two under review; for the texture of their thought is made of speculations, questionings, contradictions. Acutely conscious members of a class menaced by clashes between capital and labor, these writers are in the throes of struggle for philosophical adjustment. And their words have intense value and meaning to the sectors within their class whose confusion they articulate. Their books have deep importance for us as well.

Of course, objectively neither poet is weakening the class in power—as yet they are potential allies as well as potential enemies—but one of them looks for a new set of values and the other earnestly propagates (however vaguely) some form of collectivism. Will Long emancipate himself from his paralyzing faith in inner perfection? Will Stevens sweep his contradictory notions into a valid Idea of Order? The answers depend not only on the personal predispositions of these poets but on their full realization of the alternatives facing them as artists.

STANLEY BURNSHAW.

## *Mr. Aiken at a Wake*

*KING COFFIN, by Conrad Aiken. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.*

"AN internationally famous novelist and poet," the publishers tell us, "here turns his genius to a tale of mounting suspense and horror." In other words, Mr. Conrad Aiken has written a crime story and it seems at last that the American artists, like those of the Soviet, are beginning to write for the masses. There is a slight difference, however. In the Soviet Union, the artists, who are "in uniform," write so that the people may better understand reality. In this country, where most artists are free, they write only so that people coming home from a discouraging day's work, may get a little second-hand excitement, to forget reality.

It must be said that the book does not come off too well. The weight of Mr. Aiken's stream-of-consciousness technique is too much for the flimsy plot. Perhaps it is not meant for the usual mystery story reader but for those who want something a little more "arty". In fact, recalling some of Mr. Aiken's earlier psychological poems and narratives, there does not seem to be a tremendous amount of difference between them and this. Can it be that Mr. Aiken, even at his most serious, never had anything very much to say? SIMON WELLS.

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# In Defense of the Machine

ROBERT FORSYTHE

AMONG the major tenets of the intelligentsia of the nineteen-twenties was an abhorrence of the Machine. It revealed itself in the desire of those who could afford it to get away from the country entirely and in the effort of those left behind to retreat so far into the woods that a man could be known only by the wisp of straw behind his ear and the rich sweet loam pouring through his fingers. There was a great deal of nonsense in the thing but at bottom the intellectuals had hold of a sound idea. The Machine, when used as Ford uses it and as all exploiters use it, can be a terrible thing. Where they went astray was in assuming that a working man hated the thought of his tools and employment and was only driven to work by the pangs of hunger and the armed forces of capitalism.

The feeling still makes much of the writing and practically all of the reviewing of labor novels farcical. When it has to do with the Machine, one gets a picture of the man of labor tied to the wheels of industry until his brain reels with images of bolts and nuts. If it has to do with an even more fantastic occupation, mining, the average intellectual is completely alienated. The idea of a human being burrowing in the ground for his living is so abhorrent to one who has never worked in a mine that he can only assume that the miner has been driven to his job at the point of a bayonet.

Because so many left-wing critics have come over from the bourgeois intellectual group which I have mentioned, the fault has been particularly marked in their writings. What they have failed to do is distinguish between the Machine and its uses. The result is that they have left themselves unprotected on another flank. If the Machine is so horrible in America, how can they be so elated at the thought of Soviet Russia becoming mechanized? If the Machine is a brutalizing force, how can it ever be anything else whether used for social purposes or by the most ruthless of exploiters?

The problem should never have arisen. I once ran a turret lathe in a machine shop and I can testify that I have never had such a sense of achievement and power in my life. If it had not been that I was working a night shift of 13 7/12 hours at a wage of around 20 cents an hour, I would have enjoyed it. As for the coal mines, the evidence is even stronger. Strange as it may seem, coal miners like coal mining. What they don't like is intermittent work, low pay, company thugs, company stores, black lists and company mismanagement. I was born in a coal town and lived in one until my high-school days. My father went in the mines at the age of nine, with every reason to hate them. We lived in towns which would sicken the inhabitants of a tenement house. And yet I can to this day settle back into the most hideous coal-mining town with the thought that it is home and I belong there. My brothers all worked in the mines and I went in often to ride with the motorman or to carry rod with the surveyors. The horrifying feeling of being buried underground which brings such shudders to the ordinary observer, never enters into the matter. I am terrified by altitude and can't look out a high window without wanting to jump. I can't bear to look at structural workers tossing rivets about on 60-story buildings, but I am certain the men walking about so casually up there on the string-like girders have no such twitterings. I understand, on the contrary, that they get a great kick out of it.

Tom Tippett's *Horse Shoe Bottoms* (Harpers) is important because he shows these facts so clearly. Tippett is a coal miner who has come from a long line of miners. He knows their clannishness and pride, he knows the hold that coal mining can get on a family. It is the story of the miners who become conscious of the need of a union and of their fight for it. There is the hatred that all miners and all men have for owners who oppress them, but there is no hatred of the work itself. Without idealizing it and while showing it in all its horrors, he still manages to bring out the truth about it: miners are not miners out of compulsion.

What the intellectuals are eternally faced with—those who were sickened by the capitalistic picture of the twenties—is the conflict between two equally impossible desires: to escape it all by a retreat to a form of handicraft civilization which could just as easily continue reverting until it became a form of cave-dwelling civilization; and a machine civilization which would be used for benefits instead of profits. Because they were unaware of the causes of evils of the Machine under capitalism, or preferred not to admit them, they are still, even when they have become enlightened about the conflict of class forces, hampered by the notion that the Machine, by itself, is evil. That may be very well for Mr. Borsodi who wishes to return to an age of weaving our own clothes or for Mr. Stuart Chase who once yearned for the idyllic peace of Tepoztlan but it solves no problems for the workers and none of the world.

One of the troubles, I think, is that we have come to think of the Machine entirely in terms of the Ford assembly line. As one who has seen the belt line, I can testify that there is nothing more awful on this earth. But that is only a small part of industry. In a place such as Bethlehem Steel there is almost nothing of this kind. The work is hard and poorly paid and the workers are at the mercy of the owners but the work itself is not slavery. What makes it slavery are the conditions under which the men work and their hopelessness in the face of a ruthless economic system which has no mercy on its human equipment.

I am a laborer with a typewriter now and my work is drudgery when I do hack work and pleasure when I do something satisfactory. But from a strictly aesthetic viewpoint, I get no more satisfaction out of an article which I feel to be above the ordinary than I did in taking a round piece of steel and making it into a base plug for a 9.2 shell. It meant that I had to learn to grind my own tools, had to manipulate the carriage which ran the length of the lathe and another smaller carriage which bore the cutting tools. It meant that I had to make a base plug of such accuracy that it would fit into a shell to a thousandth of an inch.

As writers and critics we'll have to get over the notion that the Machine is an evil and that all workers are slaves of the Machine. It simply isn't true and it makes nonsense of our books and criticisms when we allow the hangover from the escapist days to affect our thinking about workers. The Machine can be an oppressor but it doesn't need to be. That fact makes all the difference in the world.

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# Hollywood as Strikebreaker

ED RAY

THE entire Pacific Coast is threatened with an industrial crisis in maritime and allied industries and Hollywood propagandists are right on the job with the production of two motion pictures to aid in breaking a strike that has not yet started. Each of these pictures attacks militant labor leadership, seeks to win sympathy for scabs, pictured as "loyal" workers and strives to bolster up the fascist ideology implicit in such productions as *Black Fury* and *Stranded.* These new pictures are Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's *Riff-Raff,* starring Jean Harlow and Spencer Tracy, and Warner Brothers' *The Frisco Kid.*

*The Frisco Kid* attempts to evade the propaganda issue by dating the story in the Barbary Coast days and its plot centers around the action of vigilante mobs in cleaning out water-front grumblers. *Riff-Raff* is more vicious, it has a point to make and doesn't care who knows it. Frances Marion, once a Hearst newspaper woman and now the highest-paid writer in the world at a salary of $3,000 a week, is the author. The scenario deliberately seeks to prove that the waterfront strike with which it deals is fostered through a "Red" conspiracy to delude the workers and all of Hollywood's outworn cliches are utilized to drive home the lesson. Even the obstacles in Jean Harlow's path to the hero's arms result from the machinations of a San Francisco Communist agitator.

The scene is laid in a waterfront town in which fishermen and the boss are getting along famously until the advent of Red Belcher, the Communist agitator, described as a "newcomer to fish-harbor who uses his dynamic personality to breed discontent among the men." In contrast to this dangerous agitator the conservative union leader is "although ignorant, a fine type of man, serious, intent and reliable."

Of course, Belcher manages to get Spencer Tracy, Jean's husband of only a few days, in his toils. The rest is easy. Belcher incites a strike by telling the men to "Rise up. Take your necks from under the iron heel. The workers shall be free. Strike the fetters from your starved bodies. How long will you sell your souls for their dirty pennies while they take the dollars you make? Those are your dollars. Yours and *Yours* and YOURS."

The strike collapses when the boss threatens to import scabs to be furnished by a "San Diego labor leader"! Belcher is happy. He proposes to blow up the fleet but the conservative union leader herds the men back on the ships by recalling that "the union is for justice—justice for everybody—but it ain't a union for criminals. We've never committed a criminal offense and we ain't gonna destroy property."

Balked in their scheme and dropped from the union, Belcher and Spencer Tracy leave for San Francisco. Her home broken up, Jean follows but Spencer refuses to see her, a decision encouraged by Belcher's "quotation" from the Communist Manifesto: "by the actions of modern industry all family ties among the proletarians are torn asunder" There are complications; Jean gets thrown into jail, Spencer returns home to get a job as night watchman and wins his way back into the boss' heart when he prevents Belcher from dynamiting the fishing fleet. The scenario ends on a happy note with the boss tendering Spencer a dinner and with Jean home again. Just to round the story out the union returns Spencer his card. "One of these days," Jean tells him, "You'll own that fishing fleet."

To list every attack on the working class made in *Riff-Raff* would entail copying the complete script. If this film had been blessed with a glossary it would run something like this:

*Communist Manifesto*—Balderdash, a ridiculous document that says, page 40, "by the actions of modern industry all family ties are torn asunder."

*Hero*—A man who resorts to violence to knock out Reds and stop strikes.

*Heroine*—Female of "hero"; contented and happy when staying home attending to her wifely duties. 2. A girl who accepts furs and attentions of men she does not like. 3. A girl whose only interest in life is the man she loves.

*Villain*—A Red, whose chief pleasure in life comes from making employes disloyal.

*Boss*—In the Russian language, boss and villain are synonymous. In English, a good guy who hides a heart of gold beneath a brusque, business-like manner. Their favorite pastime, after business hours, is throwing parties for the help.

*Workers*—(Especially waterfront workers). Drunken, improvident, lazy good-for-nothings, addicted to much thoughtless carousing. They are usually uneducated, illiterate, speak and look like gangsters.

*Radicals*—Habitat, San Francisco. Agitators, foreigners. Alien fanatics who believe in violence and destruction, happiest when throwing bombs. They talk of rank-and-file control but take orders from Moscow. Thus, "When your husband has been out late and comes home smelling of booze, he's been out with a radical."

*Union Members*—See "workers" above. Easily swayed by speeches.

*Strikes*—Unnecessary demonstrations by misguided workers which can only lead to increased profits for the bosses and privation for the strikers.

*Demonstration*—A gathering of "workers," "union members" (see above) carrying placards. They usually feel silly.

*Scab*—A loyal worker who hates to see a boss imposed upon. Sometimes they have been loyal in other parts of the country and are transported to troublesome spots by "loyal labor leaders." They are an irresistible force and once they come on the scene, strikers had better go back to work.

*Union Leader*—An intelligent, big-hearted man who was once thought to be a "worker" (see above) but fooled 'em. He believes that an employer has a legitimate right to use scabs in industry. He believes strikes should end at the first opportunity, so long as the boss is willing to forgive and forget. Sometimes he gets the boys a pay cut.

*Labor Agreement*—See dictionary for definition of Ten Commandments, Book of Moses, Holy Writ, New Testament. This is holier.

*Union Demands*—Never mentioned.

*Relief*—A plate of soup and roll given by pretty women in the Red Cross.

*Solidarity*—The feeling among workers, especially as demonstrated by a worker's son who steals the rations of four other workers at the relief station, bringing his mother's approbation and this comment to her neighbor: "Ain't he a good kid—always thinkin' of his family."

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# The Screen

## *The Thirty-Nine Steps*

NO MATTER how belligerent Robert Forsythe becomes in his war against the British Empire, I think he will admit that, through a necessity brought on by their long years of god-awful blundering, they have developed a suavity that often exceeds their intelligence. The best indication of that I know is their diplomatic history, particularly the phase they are now creating in that Chamber of Chit-Chat known as the League of Nations. Another example, closer by and much easier on the nerves, is the British movie, *Thirty Nine Steps* (Gaumont-British), which is so suavely directed that it isn't until the hero has permanently taken possession of the heroine that you begin to scratch your head looking for one of those college-degreed Roxy ushers to answer your bewildered questions.

If you happen to pick out the same usher I did, it won't do you much good. He will tell you that a mystery story is a mystery story and has to remain that way or else it wouldn't be a mystery story. As a matter of fact, the picture is really a spy melodrama, with a few Sherlock Holmesian touches tucked in just to keep you guessing. The man who wrote the screen play must be the most original person in the business, for the hero is neither a spy, nor is he faced with that famous dilemma of choosing between his love for his country and his love for his girl.

The murder of a beautiful spy in his apartment at the start of the story compels him to become a man trying to clear himself of murder and, incidentally, save the British Empire from the nefarious chemes of a gang of spies. His methods of going about that job are full of loop-holes and unmotivated action. But because the picture avoids the best-known formulae and iches, it has an atmosphere of naturalness about it that is positively refreshing. The lusion of reality is well kept up by good photography and ingenious directing, so that he flaws in the story and the absurdity of seeing our hero make at least four successful escapes out of four attempts, don't hit you in the face at the time they are being pulled off.

The most exciting scene, hough the least satisfying from the point of view of logic and motivation, is the scene of the climax, when things look very, very dark for our hero. He is sitting in a London vaudeville house surrounded by Scotland Yard and the gang of spys ready to pounce on him. Mr. Memory, the man who knows everything, is introduced to the audience. What is the connection between him and the Thirty Nine Steps? Our hero suddenly sees it all and, in a burst of Holmesian dialectics, solves the mystery, absolves himself and saves the British Empire from them foreigners. Robert Donat plays the lead in a lazy, comfortable way that makes up for such uncomfortable scenes as the one in which he is chased over half of Scotland with a squadron of police on his heels.

Though somewhat pudgy, Donat in this movie is reminiscent, in appearance and daredeviltry, of the ex-husband of America's ex-sweetheart, Douglas Fairbanks. If you agree with the Roxy usher that a mystery should remain a mystery, your sense of logic won't be hurt too much and you will accept *Thirty Nine Steps* as an entertaining piece of British suavity.

JAY GERLANDO.

# The Theater

*LIFE'S TOO SHORT, by John Whedon and Arthur Caplan. Produced by Jed Harris at the Broadhurst Theater.*

THE authors may have started out to say something sharp and solid about a typical wage-cutting, business-grabbing corporation and how its workers feel about it; if so, they quickly tired of that nonsense, for *Life's Too Short* winds up as an almost antediluvian pre-war triangle drama, and a rather anemic one at that. It's too bad, for the urge behind the play obviously was a lot of inside information about the Elite Food Corporation and an itch to pass the information along. And what finally did get across the footlights was the thesis that an unemployed clerk can become so desperately hard-pressed and demoralized that he drives his wife back to her ex-lover by his jealous rage and later accepts the job which his rival has had restored to him. The successful rival being represented throughout as charming, handsome and the big broad-guage executive type.

The cards are pretty well stacked against the office workers of the Elite Corporation. There isn't one that seems to have any sense, except possibly the hardened old war horse Miss Fogarty, who maintains an even attitude of contempt for everybody concerned throughout wage-cuts, dismissals, the mouthings of the sanctimonious chiseller who heads the concern and the breakup of the little clerk's home. And Miss Fogarty's highest flight of political understanding is reached in replying to the toast, "Here's to the New Deal!" with "Nuts to the New Deal! Here's to Calvin Coolidge!" A Miss Rosenberg is the office radical, and reports what her father says the workers ought to do—the only trouble with this arrangement being that Miss Rosenberg talks like a half-wit, and that she is cast for a knockabout comedy part. Beyond these there is a dim-brained miss who on receiving her wage-cut bursts out into joyful tears because it isn't a complete dismissal; a husband-hunting cutie who is supposed to symbolize the anger of the workers by sticking out her tongue behind the boss's back; and a wise-cracking office boy. Not an impressive aggregation with which to represent the office staff of a large corporation, although Mr. Harris, the


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*producer, has lived up to his reputation as* an unerring casting director.

The card-stacking is particularly flagrant in manipulating the two rivals for Mrs. Fowler: her husband, the little claim-adjuster, and Jim Collins, his boss. Fowler married Helen after she had been more than a secretary to Collins. Fowler is fired and blames Collins. Seven months later, on the edge of destitution, she goes to Collins and gets his promise to have her husband taken back. Fowler, forcing her to admit it is Collins who is doing him this favor, shows all his weakness and ugliness in a raging scene, and she leaves him. When Collins, on the other hand, receives his ex-mistress and promises to get her husband's job back for her—there's a man for you. Of course he makes the usual attempt and is repulsed; when she goes, honor momentarily intact, he just sits there, with three cocktails lined up in front of him, moody, silent and strong, thinking noble thoughts. In short, the underling is a snarling, petty-minded clod, the boss a generous fellow with a bit of the devil in him.

For pacing, smoothness and finish, the play is everything one could ask for. Jed Harris' skill as director has been lavished on it in every scene. There is competent observation of detail throughout, and the writing has muscle and salt in it. But if they want to shed any light on the problems of the millions of white-collar workers today, the authors will have to try again. H. M.

# Between Ourselves

AT THE time of his death in August, Hal M. Ware had practically completed an article he was writing for THE NEW MASSES on the new cotton-picking machine and what it meant to the southern workers. The article has now been completed by a colleague from Ware's notes and it will appear in next week's issue. We believe it is the first comprehensive examination of the situation created by the Rust Brothers' invention, which picks clean 1,000 pounds of cotton in the time that a man would pick 10 pounds.

Josephine Herbst has just returned from Europe.

The article, "Mussolini's Press," by James Carroll is based on the writer's experiences in Italy recently. He is preparing another article dealing with Germany, which has a particular bearing on the Bremen "pirate flag" case. Carroll will show how the Nazis treat the flags of other nations in which they operate, such as Austria, and has photographs to prove his point.

Meridel Le Sueur's last article in THE NEW MASSES, "I Was Marching," is included in the reportage section of the first Book Union selection, *Proletarian Literature,* to be published October 7.

Acknowledgments are due to the following galleries for permission to reproduce works in the art section this week: To the A. C. A. Gallery for Joe Jones' painting "Demonstration"; to the Downtown Gallery for Peggy Bacon's etching "Pity the Blind"; and to the Weyhe Gallery for the lithographs "Merchants of Death," by Mabel Dwight and "Impasse" by Adolf Dehn.


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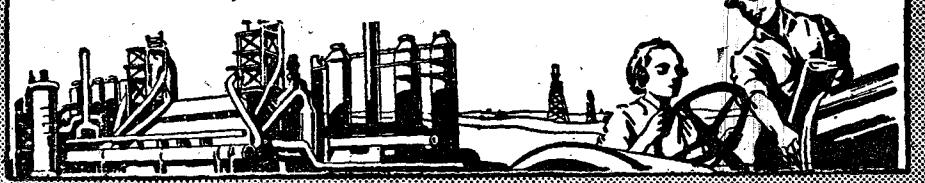

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